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ART. I.—*Histoire Critique, &c.*

Critical History of English Philosophism, &c. By M. Tabaraud. Continued from p. 497. of Vol. XIV.

IN our last Appendix, we contented ourselves with giving a general view of the design with which this work appears to have been composed, and an outline of the argument pursued in the introductory chapter, promising if we should discover in the subsequent part of the book any thing worthy of particular observation, to make it the subject of a future article. As the author appeared to set out with Leland's well-known work on the deistical writers for his guide, we apprehended that we might probably from its want of originality, have been spared the trouble of examining it any further ; but upon perusal, we find sufficient reason to alter that impression. Whether M. Tabaraud be a writer of so much eminence and of such general estimation in his own country, as to afford the conclusion that his sentiments are evidences of the present state of religion, as *regenerated* by the *imperial decree* we know not. We would still hope, (though from contemplating the fabric of their civil government we cannot say we expect), that after their late violent oscillations from the extremes of bigotry, to the extremes of licentiousness on philosophical subjects, the French nation would at last have settled their system of faith on a foundation rather more enlarged and reasonable than that of which M. Tabaraud seems to exhibit the sketch. But perhaps it is more consistent with human nature, as well as more analogous to the civil state of the nation, to believe that so violent and blind an impulse as that which directed the late revolution both of religion and politics, could not

but be immediately followed by a rebound equally violent and guideless ; and that we must still wait for the silent and gradual operations of reason, assisted by an all-wise and all-directing providence, to produce light out of darkness, and truth out of error and inconsistency.

It is at least very natural, (or rather it cannot be otherwise) that such of the old French clergy, or of those who were blindly attached to the doctrines of the Gallican church before the revolution, as viewed with horror the gradual advances of false philosophy and religion, unable from the prejudices of their education to separate the progress of truth from that of its concomitant falsehoods and extravagancies, should now look back with added detestation to the fountain (however pure) from which proceeded that turbid and overwhelming torrent. Under this view, we must estimate with candour and many grains of allowance, the principles and motives of a man, who evidently judging from events, and blinded by the early prejudices which those events have tended to root more firmly in his mind, confounds in his writings effects with causes, the prerogatives of reason with the abuses of theoretical vanity, the abstruse researches of Locke's patient and enquiring philosophy with the wild and unfounded speculations of Voltaire's predetermined infidelity.

M. Tabaraud commences his historical examination with Lord Herbert, against whose philosophy he argues principally after Leland ; and wherever he has added observations of his own, they are generally strong and unexceptionable. After representing very fairly Herbert's leading principle that, " God whose providence is universal, must have given to all men the means of salvation, which means exist in natural religion ;" that " God has imprinted on the human mind innate ideas of the first principles of religion and morality, has given to all men a natural understanding of their duties, an intimate and necessary perception of moral obligations," &c. &c. and therefore that " there was no need of an outward revelation to instruct men in the practice of their duties." M. Tabaraud justly remarks that the history of mankind gives the lie to all this hypothesis, and then adds

* Herbert supposes that the common notions, of which he has composed the five fundamental articles of his system,* are so

* Herbert's five principles of natural religion are shortly these: 1. The existence of God. 2. Necessity of worship. 3. That practical virtue is the most acceptable worship. 4. That repentance is necessary to forgiveness. 5. Future retribution. It will hardly be denied that a thinking man may without a divine revelation, persuade himself of the truth of these articles at least

clear, that no reasonable being can deny them, or be ignorant of them; that they are so necessary that no man can dispense with himself from adhering to them. Yet how many people do we see, even among philosophers, who entertain ideas widely different from them? how many, who if they were sincere, would be forced to acknowledge that their strongest prejudices against christianity arise in great measure from this circumstance; that it places those very articles in a point of view too impressive, that it confirms them by too formal a sanction, that it recommends too strictly the belief and the practice of them? VOL. I. p. 91.

By a species of inconsistency, which as M. Tabaraud frequently remarks is not at all uncommon among philosophers, Herbert elsewhere appears to admit the possibility that a revelation may be requisite, and that God may think proper to grant it; but then, he says, arguing from the goodness and power of God, "such revelation must be universal, else it wants the great stamp of authenticity." To this the answer of Clarke does not seem quite satisfactory, that even natural religion wants the stamp which is contended for. The argument which M. Tabaraud adopts is bolder and more complete. "The Christian revelation is universal." In pulling down the old party-wall between Jew and Gentile, it evinces the great characteristic of universality. If some nations or individuals receive it sooner, others later, some in one shape or degree, some in another, this does not destroy its universality, nor need we cavil at this dispensation of Providence any more than at those which we every day observe in the natural order of things, where his goodness appears (but only appears) to be as unequally distributed.

Blount, the celebrated translator of Philostratus, next comes under review. In mentioning his "Summary of the Deist's Religion," M. Tabaraud takes particular notice of the prefixed letter of Dr. Sydenham, comparing a reluctant admission there made by the philosopher to a well-known anecdote of Melancthon, and attempting to draw from thence an argument in favour of popery, to which neither circumstance gives in fact a fair handle. The first is only a mark of the inconsistency of a bigoted theorist,

to a sufficient degree to influence his practice. Herbert's error seems to be the belief of an innate moral sense sufficiently strong to enforce an universal assent to, and dependance on those principles, not only without evangelical interference, but even without examination. The absurdity of such an hypothesis must, we should imagine, have immediately struck upon a mind the least conversant with the history of man, unless warped by the prejudices of a favourite theory. Rev.

the second an allowance in favour of female weakness, and the exhausted energies of old age, which reflects the highest honour on the sensibility and candour of him who made it, and real disgrace on the blind missionary zeal of many truly catholic churches.

The life of Hobbes presents in many respects a true and ample comment on his writings. His weak and shuffling conduct in politics, his hypocritical behaviour towards the church, his professions, his recantations, his guiding principle, ("that it is allowable to employ ill instruments for the furtherance of good;") his habitual declaration, ("should they cast me into a pit, and the devil present to me his cloven foot, I would catch hold of it to get out again;") his horror of death, and the dreadful words which he uttered with his dying breath, ("how happy should I be, could I hide myself in some hole and creep by stealth out of this world!") All these circumstances would seem to justify the conclusion which our author has borrowed from other writers, that Hobbes had no religion at all; no fixed principle of faith nor of philosophy. His most leading paradoxes have something in them so revolting that there is hardly any modern unbeliever, although far more firmly rooted in infidelity, and more systematic in his opposition to received modes of faith, who does not shrink from the imputation of Hobbesism.

"You may see J. J. Rousseau deliver him up to the execration of the human race, as a detestable blasphemer, for having maintained that the authority of a sovereign, can be in opposition to that of God, of honour, and of nature. Diderot his panegyrist, and in some points his disciple, is forced to acknowledge that he was the assailant of humanity, and the apologist of tyranny. Voltaire apostrophizes him in these words; "profound and strange philosopher, thou who hast uttered truths which do not balance thine errors, thou who wast in many things, the precessor of Locke, but also of Spinoza - it is in vain that thou astonishest thy readers by almost proving to them that there are no laws in the world, but those established by contract; that just and unjust are only what each nation agrees to call so. If thou hadst been alone with Cromwell on a desert island, and Cromwell attempted to kill thee for the part thou hadst taken on the side of royalty, would not this design have appeared to thee as unjust in thy new island, as in thy native country? You say that in the law of nature all men having a right to all, every one has a right over the life of his fellow. Do you not confound right and power, canst thou think that in fact power gives right, that a young and robust son ought not to blame himself for having assassinated a sick and decrepit parent? whoever studies morality should begin by refuting thy book in his heart." VOL. I. P. 178.

Voltaire delighted to set all his arguments in the most glaring point of view, to prove all his propositions by means of extreme cases, but Hobbes's system is too extravagant to require a laboured refutation, and too revolting to make it necessary to apply extreme cases for the detection of its fallacy. In asserting the horrible doctrine of "universal depravity," the philosopher of Malmsbury may claim a fraternal embrace from some of our *truly orthodox* divines; so closely allied in many important respects, are the pretensions of a *saving faith* to the wanderings of infidelity. But this, the doctrine alike of gloomy atheism and of calvinistic bigotry, our author has well refuted, asserting the cause of insulted humanity with much freedom of spirit, and real eloquence of language.

In one point of contest against Hobbes's system, we cannot help avowing our suspicion that M. Tabaraud, as a catholic, has a decided advantage over a member of our own establishment.

In all civilized states there exist two distinct powers, the civil and the ecclesiastical, the relations between which have been the subject of endless disputes. In this respect the two most widely opposite ends of the question have been maintained by the Presbyterians and by the followers of Hobbes. The former "would regulate the exercise of civil power by ideas purely ecclesiastical;" the latter would implicitly submit "the power of church to reasons of state."

'It ought to be observed, that Hobbes had taken the idea of his ecclesiastical system from that which governs the English church. This church, in giving supremacy to the king, made for itself (says Bossuet) a principle of unity which Jesus Christ and the gospel have not established. It transformed the church into a political body, and gave room to the erection of as many different churches as there are civil societies. "This idea of church government," adds the learned prelate, "had its origin in the minds of Henry VIII. and his flatterers, and had never before been known to Christians." VOL. I. P. 219.

There is in truth, a very plain line of distinction lying equally between the two extremes of Hobbes and the Presbyterians, and it may perhaps be safe to affirm that the more nearly that line is made the rule of ecclesiastical government, the more nearly it will answer the end proposed by the great founder of our religion.

It will be necessary for our readers to summon to their aid every grain of allowance which we have stated to be in our opinion, due to M. Tabaraud; nor even then perhaps will they learn with patience that this "defender of the faith;" has thought fit to insert the name of LOCKE in the

black list of proscribed unbelievers. He thinks it necessary indeed to make some apology for this arbitrary step, acknowledging that Locke had no direct intention of undermining Christianity by his writings, but that Christianity was nevertheless seriously injured by them. He says of Locke's system of faith pretty much what Falstaff said of Sir Walter Blunt's rebellion, "He did not set out with a design to attack religion, but religion came in his way, and he struck her."

As we are decidedly of opinion that this assertion of M. Tabaraud's is calculated to hurt religion a great deal more than the works which he accuses of leading to that effect, it will not be amiss to examine a little closely the species of evidence upon which Locke is here convicted of a crime allowed to be so foreign from his intentions. In the first place we may observe that the opinions which led to this conviction, originated very evidently, in the mind of M. Tabaraud, from prejudice; from a prejudice very natural, we had almost said excusable, in a Frenchman of the old school, but which ought to have been coolly applied to the test of reason before he had suffered it to hurry him to such extremities. Voltaire affected to consider Locke as the guide of his belief, the father of his philosophy. It was by his name that he swore; in his name that he promulgated all his most extravagant doctrines; under his name that he shielded himself from the charges of immorality and irreligion which he so richly merited. Had the French clergy possessed sufficient liberality to make a free use of their reason in matters of religion, as many of them certainly possessed acuteness enough to have improved that use to the utmost, neither could Voltaire any longer have sworn by Locke's name nor shielded himself beneath it, nor could Locke have suffered in any virtuous or reflecting mind from the unworthy purposes for which his name had been so employed.

The first train of argument against Locke gives us no high idea of the candour with which M. Tabaraud entered on his examination. His intimate friends were Shaftesbury, Collins, Toland, Leclerc, and Limborch, all Socinians, Arminians, and unbelievers; (the same thing to a catholic) from which we suppose Mons. T. would have us infer that Locke was a Socinian, Arminian, and unbeliever also. When Toland published his "Christianity without Mystery," Locke did not, because the English bishops excommunicated him, think it necessary to shut his doors against him too. On his death-bed he wrote to Collins, who, as is afterwards confessed, had not then written any one of his books against religion. Nevertheless, this very letter is imputed to the writer as a crime; which bears in fact most honourable tes-

timony to the benevolence of his heart, the warmth and steadiness of his friendship, and even to the firmness of his belief in the fundamental truths of religion. But says Mons. T. "we cannot discover in this letter any of that supernatural faith which alone penetrates the heart of a real Christian." What is this but saying that Locke was free from that most pernicious qualification of methodists and papists, religious enthusiasm, and that his religion was the religion of reason? Again, "all announces that he died as he had lived, impressed with those principles of *socinianism and deism*, which we find in his writings." Do our readers wish to go any farther for evidence of the spirit in which M. Tabaraud has set down Locke as a companion fit for Hobbes and Mandeville?

"The opinion of the university of Oxford against Locke's system greatly outweighs those of Voltaire and La Harpe in its favour." Let it be so; and do the opinions of an university, notorious for high-flown orthodoxy, outweigh those of a sister university, which not only approved the doctrines so condemned, but esteems them still as among the most important articles in its regular course of study? After all, whoever thought before M. Tabaraud of bringing evidence *as to character* on such a question as this? Let us see what more he makes of the internal testimony afforded by the work itself.

The doctrine that ideas are not innate, Mons. T. *assumes* to be true only "as to abstract ideas," but false "as to simple primitive ideas." He cautions us against confounding ideas with sensations, and cites St. Augustin, "that Adam was created with ideas, and that all the children of Adam are created like him?" So far we do not think that the system is overturned or the author proved to be an atheist. Then follows an argument from Sherlock. "If no innate ideas, then no natural belief in God—and thus the atheists are entrenched in their strong hold." How so? does the proof of God's existence depend in the smallest possible degree upon the question whether we are born with the knowledge of it, or subsequently endowed with powers which enable us to obtain that knowledge? The next objection is that the doctrine of all our ideas being presented by the senses leads necessarily and immediately to materialism. This is very roundly asserted; but nevertheless, since Locke no where confesses his belief in materialism, but leaves the nature of the soul's essence a doubtful point, "unsearchable and past finding out;" and since Locke appears to us to have been at least as close a metaphysician as M. Tabaraud, he must excuse us for doubting if the consequence is so necessary or immediate as he would have it to be. But admitting, for

the sake of argument, that the deduction is plain, how has M. Tabaraud advanced one step farther in his proof? Is not *the resurrection of the body* one of those articles without a firm belief in which an orthodox Christian will tell you you are sure to be damned? If the body, which we know to be material, is immortal, why may not the soul be material and immortal also? But atheists in all ages have preferred the doctrine of materialism as most convenient to them. Be it so; it does not follow from that, that the doctrine is atheistical.

After many successive pages of the most unargumentative protestations against this socinian, arminian, heathenish, atheistical doctrine, we are surprized by a concession a little extraordinary, considering all that has gone before, and which could have proceeded only from the sudden perception of inability to prove the point intended. "We do not reproach Locke with doubting the soul's immortality; (this is very kind indeed in M. Tabaraud), "but" he adds, "we do reproach him with breaking the chain of proofs by which that truth is established." Now, since it can be pretty plainly proved that the immortality of the soul has, in reality, nothing to do with the truth or falsehood of Locke's theory respecting innate ideas, this can mean no more than that the schoolmen of Paris have been in the habit of proving a fundamental truth by certain steps which are unsafe, but if they will take the trouble to turn ever so little to the right or left, they will find a firm wide staircase conducting to the very same end, though wholly unconnected with that which they have been forced to abandon. If they are no longer able to prove the soul's immortality from its innate perceptions, which at best is but an equivocal kind of proof, the great and decisive evidence, from the goodness and moral government of God, from the fervent desires and apparent tendencies of our nature, from the manifest imperfections in the scheme of providence, if considered without reference to a future state, and lastly from the solemn and direct promises communicated to us by revelation, all these and many more convincing arguments remain, nor can we plainly see how a man retaining such strong and positive grounds of faith is to be called an enemy to religion, because he believes that men have no innate ideas.

We wish to disclaim all pretensions of setting up in the present instance as defenders of Locke's system of philosophy, because any such design would lead us to much greater length of argument than we can conveniently enter upon in such a publication as this. Our sole intention at present is, to expose the strange conclusions which M.

Tabaraud attempts to draw from his writings to the prejudice of his religious principles. If therefore we omit every argument in support of his theory, which is unconnected with this particular end, we must be held excused for the intentional neglect.

The next point on which our author conceives Locke's religious system to be vulnerable, is his doctrine on that eternal subject of metaphysical wrangling, the first which, according to Milton, perplexed the minds of the fallen angels:

Foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge, absolute.

It seems that in M. Tabaraud's opinion, Locke is not so explicit on this mysterious topic as befits an orthodox Christian. Perhaps not; but we may fairly ask is M. Tabaraud with all his orthodoxy, at all more intelligible? Instead of arguing infidelity or atheism from one set of opinions or the other, is it not much more candid to avow, that among all the great men who have espoused either side of the question, not one has brought us nearer to consistency than a mere poet who denies that consistency can be attained on the subject?

Once more, I said, once more I will inquire,
What is this little agile pervious fire,
This fluttering motion which we call the mind?
How does she act; and where is she confined?
Have we the power to guide her as we please?
Whence then those evils that obstruct our ease?
We happiness pursue—we fly from pain—
Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight is vain.
And while poor nature labours to be blest,
By day with pleasure, and by night with rest,
Some stronger power eludes our fickle will,
Dashes our rising hopes with certain ill,
And makes us with reflected trouble see
That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.*

In many of these high and unattainable mysteries of our nature, we cannot help fancying the poets more logical in *bitching* the question than the philosophers in pretending to argue it.

Our author admits that Locke still maintains the certainty of the fundamental principles of morality, even while he contends that they are not evident to intuition—that he holds

* Prior's Solomon,

those principles capable of demonstration even to a degree of mathematical precision—what then is the argument against him? That God would not have suffered his creatures to depend on demonstration for such important truths—that God is the first of our ideas—that that idea *must* be innate *from its nature*—that it is impossible but God must have implanted the idea of himself in the minds of all his creatures—that he never would have left them to work it out by themselves through the medium of sense, &c. &c. &c. Most worthy is M. Tabaraud to enter the lists against Locke as a logician! How does he prove his assertions? How can he presume to judge of the motives and designs of the creator? If God has bestowed upon us the gift of reason to aid us in finding him out, have we any reason to complain that he did not alter the whole course of his providence to give us the same discovery without the assistance of reason?

We have already been surprised by an admission of M. Tabaraud's in the face of all his preceding line of argument, just there where we should least have expected it, and have given our reasons for imputing it rather to inability than to any extraordinary degree of candour that he was induced to make it. Just in this place, or very soon afterwards, another admission occurs for which we were not more prepared than for the former, nor can we be at all more charitable in our construction of it. "After all, Locke is *much more guarded* in his Essay on the Human Understanding than in many of his other works." Yet where is the doctrine accompanied with half the fatal consequences that M. Tabaraud has already attributed to that of the non-existence of innate ideas? Or what is this remark but a concession that these consequences do not necessarily proceed from that principle?

A little lower down our author lets us gradually into a more accurate perception of the real grounds on which Locke has become the object of his crusading animosity. "By rendering reason the judge of the sense of scripture and revelation, Locke falls into the system of the Socinians." This is, at least in our opinion, a little different from falling into the system of the *Deists*. Mons. T. thinks otherwise, but his prejudices are no excuse for the confusion of his terms. He thus fairly enough, we imagine, expounds the system of religion *so laid down*. Locke, in his "Reasonable Christianity," reduces all necessary faith to the belief, "that Jesus Christ is the Messiah." All other articles of belief are but consequential, and the persuasion of them must depend upon the various impressions which they are calculated to make on various minds. The gospels and acts are

the sole depository of the pure doctrine of Christ. The Epistles are not to be regarded as rules of faith; for the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost taught the Apostles no other doctrines than Christ himself had taught. The sole use of the Epistles is to furnish means of solution to difficult passages, and to develop more largely the object of Christ's mission.

On some of these points many men will say that Locke has gone further than religion warrants—but no candid man will assert that any one of his doctrines proved him to be without religion. If his opinions are many of them Socinian, it must be acknowledged that many Socinians have gone yet further without subjecting themselves to the imputation (in any liberal mind) of Deism.

But, in order to believe that Christ is the Messiah, say his opponents, it is necessary to know what is Christ, and what is the Messiah. The answer to this objection is plain—we do so to all essential purposes. We know that Christ is a being (no matter of what nature) divinely commissioned to reveal to mankind all that is necessary to regulate their conduct on earth, and to fit them for immortality. We know also that this is the description of the Messiah; that there can be but one person to answer that description; and consequently, "that Christ is the Messiah."

It is certain that Locke imbibed Arminianism during his residence in Holland—that on his return he conceived the scheme of universal toleration into which many worthy men of every persuasion then entered with an ardour worthy of a better result. It was a fundamental principle of these benevolent projectors, that "nothing can be more impertinent nor more ridiculous than the term *orthodoxy* as asserted by any man, or set of men whatever."

This system as may be supposed, calls for our author's severest reprobation. "It tends to overturn completely *Christianity and all its mysteries*." M. Tabaraud no doubt proposes to himself some wonderful advantage in argument from this unpardonable confusion of terms. *We also* believe that the extensive scheme of toleration planned by Locke and his associates would have contributed essentially to expose the whole system of false and pernicious *mysteries* by which mankind has been deceived, and religion degraded during so long a lapse of ages; but we are also firmly convinced that by so doing, it would have established pure and *reasonable Christianity*, on the most certain and immutable foundations.

The first publication of Collins, was his "Essay concerning the Use of Reason in Propositions, the Evidence whereof depends on Human Testimony." This work appeared in

the year 1707, three years after the death of Locke, whom therefore the most rigid saints must absolve from the imputation of living in intimacy with a known and marked infidel. Indeed the doctrines contained in this very work of which we are speaking, which must be considered as the farthest limit to which Collins's speculations had hitherto advanced, can hardly be considered as evincing any thing more than a certain latitude of thinking which afforded too much room for the approaches of infidelity. M. Tabaraud accuses him of *showing the cloven foot* a little too openly in his discussion of that true cross of metaphysicians, the double doctrine of God's foreknowledge, and man's free will. It were perhaps better that this question, so mortifying to the ideas of the capacity of the human understanding, were laid for ever at rest—that, convinced by the most unanswerable testimony, the evidence of our senses, both that God is omniscient, and that man is free, we would rest satisfied *that it is so*, although we know not, nor can conceive *how it is*. But the curiosity inherent in our nature will not permit us to acquiesce silently in the imperfection of our reason—men will still go on endeavouring to find out that which is unsearchable; and the argument is of such a description that we cannot allow the most orthodox to have any advantage over the most free-thinking in the pursuit of it.

The controversy entered into by Collins with Clarke was meant to establish that the immortality of the soul is not the necessary consequence of its immateriality, and in this point we must say he has the advantage over his antagonist, whose only ground of defence, is that religion would suffer from the non-admission of the proof in question. But really the advantage supposed to be derived from this proof seems to us to be greatly overstrained, and to a degree utterly inconsistent with the tenets of sound orthodoxy.

The most considerable of Collins's works, and the first that can fairly and decidedly be pronounced deistical both in design and tendency is his "Discourse on Free-thinking," published 1713. The principles of this book which evinces much acumen with no small portion of misrepresentation and sophistry, are detected and exposed with a considerable portion of ability. The absurdity and downright Pyrrhonism of his two famous propositions, "nothing is to be received without examination," and "examination gives us no certainty," are clearly pointed out, but they give room to a discussion of the right of examination, in which M. Tabaraud assumes a very triumphant air, for which he has established no manner of claim, and thinks that he carries

it with a very high hand indeed in favour of the necessity of a Catholic church over the grand and immutable principle of reform. His arguments or rather the branches of his declaration, afford nothing at all new, and therefore nothing worthy of a particular answer.

Towards the conclusion of this article, our author notices the strange denunciation of Bentley—"that Collins was a Catholic in disguise." It is well known (or at least it is very confidently asserted, which most men take to mean the same thing) that many papists of those times had an idea that the surest way to make converts was by leading men first into the wildest errors of infidelity by the abuse of the protestant prerogative of reason, after which it was thought no difficult task to clap the fetters of faith upon the wandering outlaw, and bring him safely within the jurisdiction of the holy Catholic church. The process is certainly not so unreasonable as at first sight appears. The history of Dryden, among other converts of the age, affords at least a strong presumption that his mind underwent a similar succession of changes previous to its fixing in the dominions of "the milk-white hind." But the suggestion, of a regular system adopted by the Jesuits with this view is too extravagant to be believed but on the most positive evidence, and probably deserves a place among the many romances of the age, the testimony of Oates and Bedloe, and the fiction of the warming-pan.

Voltaire's gross admiration of Collins, M. Tabaraud takes to be founded on the similarity of their minds, which in one respect at least, displayed a striking resemblance. Each of them was the more positive and the more dogmatical, the more he felt himself to be in the wrong. Mons. T. reproaches the English nation with permitting the epitaph inscribed, by Collins's own directions on his tomb-stone—and it must be confessed that words more applicable might have been found. "*Veritatis amicus et indagator sedulus.*"

The confined limits of our work compel us to pass over unnoticed the three succeeding articles of "Tindal," "Toland," and "Woolston;" but we must be allowed a few remarks on that of "Shaftesbury." The first observation which occurs to us affords additional evidence of the bitterness of spirit with which our good author is sometimes actuated; and which betrays him occasionally into a gross want of candour and Christian charity, not to say unpardonable misrepresentations and disguisements of the truth. After informing us that Lord Shaftesbury was educated under the inspection of his grandfather, and that Locke had a great share in the formation of his understanding, he adds the following malicious insinuation: "with such tutors

the young Shaftesbury could not but turn out a free-thinker."

Of all his works, his essay on "Common Sense," in which he first maintained the celebrated paradox, that "ridicule is the test of truth," appears to us to have been the most seriously objectionable. Yet, even there, it is rather the inferences which may be drawn from his position than any positive professions of the author, that have subjected him to the charge of uniting his efforts with those more openly made against the truths of Christianity. The hypothesis itself, certainly untenable in any thing like the extent to which its founder would have it carried, is upon the whole well argued and sufficiently exposed—but Shaftesbury's famous assertion, "that if any thing could have overturned Christianity, during its early progress, it would have been railery, not persecution," though it carries with it an air of too great levity, is pushed perhaps, rather farther than common charity warrants, when it is said that its author meant to infer that Christianity, not having been exposed to this most infallible test, had therefore never been proved at all. The position itself, however, is properly stated to be false, whatever may be the direct inference to which it leads; since sufficient evidence remains from the writings of the Heathens to shew that Christianity was actually exposed to the test required, and that in no very mild or unsatisfactory degree.

The system of "Optimism," is next considered; and combated with much more vehemence, but (we think) with much less success, than the former position. "God does what he pleases," argues M. Tabaraud, "and solely according to his own free will and pleasure." This is true, but since he is all good, it is no less true that his "free will and pleasure," can only consist in the happiness of his creatures. "This system is only a dream, a chimera, which under the shew of religion is intimately connected with incredulity." M. Tabaraud certainly asserts this, but we look in vain for the proof of it. If it is a dream it must be confessed to be at least a very pleasant, a very soothing one, and to wear every appearance of reality. Again, "the goodness of God, though infinite, is only dealt out in that measure which pleases him." This is no more than a repetition of the former argument.—That goodness which is infinite, can be pleased with nothing short of an infinite measure. It is true, that even the benevolence of God must be guided by those immutable laws which he has made necessary to the foundation and moral government of the universe. It is the first of those laws that no effect can be produced without an adequate cause; therefore no creature can enjoy per-

fect happiness until he has qualified himself for the perception of it, by that preparatory state of discipline in virtue which is essentially necessary to its existence. It is equally impossible that happiness can be attained without virtue, as that time past can be recalled.

But then "Shaftesbury's system contradicts original sin, and therefore saps the fundamental principles of religion." Thus is true religion abused, and confounded with the merely human deductions of canonical orthodoxy.

It is very true that the doctrine of Optimism, unconnected with that of a future state, would be "a direct insult to the miseries of life." But who has ever contended that the one *can* be argued distinctly and separately from the other? Certainly not Shaftesbury, whose arguments are all clear and express as to his firm reliance on the soul's immortality, and its ultimate happiness in a future state of existence. Nor does he contend that the wicked will escape punishment, or that the natural consequences of deviating from that virtue, which can alone ensure and lead to happiness, will not fall upon them. We are only required to believe that *all* God's creatures will be finally happy; but how soon after death, or after how many intermediate states of severe and painful probations we are utterly unable to guess. With respect to the "disinterestedness of virtue," we are much mistaken if Shaftesbury (though like other theorists he may have pushed his doctrine too far) ever meant to deny the great and important influence which hope and fear possess to direct the inclination of men towards the practice of virtue. But few good men, we imagine, will confess that their love of virtue, however it might originally have been fostered by such considerations, is still dependent on interested principles. The heart long practised in virtuous exercises, must surely cease at last to reflect on the motives which first determined it, and come to love and cherish virtue for her own sake. Then, and not till then, may we pretty safely conclude that man is actually in a state to render himself *capable* of that happiness which is the reward of the *truly* virtuous. And, on the same principle, we think it may be securely admitted (however shocking to the prejudices of an orthodox Catholic) that even an atheist from honest persuasion (if any such there be) may love the practice of virtue for her own sake, and thus capacitate himself for receiving that eternal reward, which, so far from its having actuated his hopes or fears in this life, he has even disbelieved altogether.

In asserting the defence of Shaftesbury, on this much calumniated article of belief, we but follow the just and candid interpretation of his creed, with which the unpublished cor-

respondence of a very learned and a very pious man has furnished us.

‘ I cannot but think whatever use there may be in presenting objects of terror to the minds of men in order to restrain them from enormous crimes, and to give some check to their vicious courses, that they are altogether insufficient for producing a real principle of honesty and virtue in them. A man that is truly honest must be influenced by some nobler motive than the fear of the gallows; and he that is truly good must be so from a love of goodness, and of him who is the great fountain of it, and not merely from a fear of the devil. And surely, it can be no such mighty crime to endeavour to refine and ennoble the minds of men, (especially those which may be supposed most susceptible of refinement), to raise their views above that low and sordid selfishness, in which perhaps the generality of mankind are immersed, and to teach those who are willing to learn, to build their virtue on a more solid basis, and then to elevate it to a sublimer pitch than the grovelling senses of mortals seem to aim at.’

In another place where he is more particularly attacking the doctrines of Calvinists, (concerning whom he says very forcibly, “it would indeed be injuring them to call them Deists, the title they are so ready to bestow on all other heretics, and I think they should not be called Atheists. Demonists is their proper denomination, according to Lord Shaftesbury’s just and accurate distinctions,” &c. &c.) this excellent writer adopts a more prophetic strain (we wish we might say it has been justified by events), and says,

‘ All sympathy between God and his creatures is certainly banished far enough from the calvinistic creed. Yet the psalmist tells us that, like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. The merciless scheme is plainly losing ground apace, and Whiston’s prophecy hastening to its accomplishment. It has been the established and almost universal belief of fourteen centuries without producing any very considerable good fruits, at least as far as we can judge. God grant the contrary doctrine may have a better effect, and that those who will not be persuaded by the terrors of the Lord, heightened by human cruelty to forsake their sins, may be allured by the charms of his goodness, and drawn by the cords of love, the surest bands by which the heart of man can be held in captivity.’

We find ourselves now compelled to neglect several points which occur in the same chapter, and which we had marked for observation, from want of room. We more gladly avail ourselves of the same excuse for passing over the article

"Mandeville" and his degrading and abominable system in utter silence; and, with a very cursory survey of the contents of the two last chapters, shall ultimately wind up our long account with M. Tabaraud.

There are a few names of persons high in the established religion of the country, and eminent in the world of theology and literature, which Voltaire has insidiously placed in the black list of proscription, on account of some peculiarity of doctrine, or unusual liberality of opinion, and which M. Tabaraud kindly undertakes to tear out of the offensive page, ascribing the *unfortunate eccentricities* of their owners, rather to the fundamental principles of the reformation than to a decided and premeditated system of unbelief. The first of these is Jeremy Taylor, who wisely, but unorthodoxly, thought that "no man is bound to admit the truths which another thinks he has discovered," and that "truth is the exclusive privilege of no particular sect or denomination of Christians." The next is Tillotson, whose latitudinarianism imbibed at Cambridge, whose denial of the eternity of hell fire torments, whose disposition towards a comprehension, and to the admission of certain great and fundamental changes in the established liturgy, are acknowledged to be merely heretical, and not atheistical doctrines. Then follows Swift, whose indiscriminate propensity to satire, exposed him to reflexions with which he has certainly less right to find fault than either of the others. Warburton, whom Voltaire compliments upon being "one of the boldest infidels who have ever written," and Wollaston, whose sins, like those of Tillotson, may be charged to the account of his *profligate alma mater*. Voltaire's motive in ranking so many great names under the banners of infidelity may be easily divined; but why the detection of so infamous a trick on his part should not have made M. Tabaraud a little more cautious before he gave into precisely the same imposture with regard to Locke, it is rather more difficult to say.

M. Tabaraud's design being to bring down the history of English deistical writers, no lower than the times in which Voltaire first examined their *treasures* with a view to import them into France, the more modern champions of infidelity, Hume, Gibbon, &c. &c. of course do not fall within his reach. But why Bolinbroke's name has been so cautiously spared, that it not only forms no distinct article, but is not (to the best of our knowledge) even once mentioned in the whole course of the work, is to us unaccountable. Leland has devoted almost half his labours to the examination of that nobleman's writings, and we should therefore, if upon no other account, have supposed that M. Tabaraud

would have bestowed particular attention upon them in some way or other, whether in support of Leland's animadversions or (in a whimsical fit of clemency) with a view to justify the noble author from the imputations so generally cast upon him.

The last chapter is devoted to Voltaire and the introduction of "English philosophism" into France under his auspices. Mons. T. fixes the date of this fatal importation at the year 1726, when Voltaire made his first voyage to our island. With true French vanity, however, which will not bear that any other nation should carry away the honours of original invention even in vice itself, he qualifies this assertion by an opinion adopted from D'Alembert and Frederic II. that the English themselves first learned to think freely from the example of the French philosophers of the court of Louis the XIVth. On this very unimportant point, we shall only observe that we believe no one nation ever taught another the art of thinking; that free inquiry with all its vast and inestimable advantages, and with all its temporary and partial evils also, necessarily advances with the advance of civilization; that its progress is more immediate but also more uniform and safe, where the civil and religious government of the country present no impediments to delay or disturb it, and that if it is checked and curbed, and thwarted in the first instance by inveterate prejudices and the bulwarks of an old hereditary established system, it will at last burst with the more irresistible force over every barrier, and in the undistinguishing violence of its career bear down all the differences of vice and virtue, of truth and falsehood, till time again subdues the rapidity of its course, and reduces it to the regular channel in which it ought to have flowed from the beginning. Let any one read M. Tabaraud's own account of the state of religious opinion in France at the time when Voltaire first set up "preaching the name of Locke," the spirit of bigotry, prejudice, and persecution which kept even pace in the church with the progress of immorality and licentiousness in the state, and which increased in virulence just in proportion to the gradual but uniform approaches of reason and illumination, and let him then ask his own understanding, whether there exists a necessity for ascribing the great revolution which followed to any external causes? If there be any truth in, or any foundation for, the philosophical maxim that "extremes generate their contraries," where else can we find it so amply and satisfactorily elucidated?

ART. II.—*Untersuchungen über Geburtsadel und die Möglichkeit seiner fort dauer im neunzehnten Jahrhundert. Von dem Verfasser des neuen Leviathan.* Berlin and Leipzig. 1807.

Inquiry into hereditary Nobility, and the Possibility of its Continuance in the nineteenth Century. By the Author of the New Leviathan. Berlin and Leipsick. 1807.

THE author who acquired considerable celebrity by the *New Leviathan*, commences the present work with some observations on pretension and right. Men living in society have both pretensions and rights. They are indebted for the first to the constitutions of nature, and for the other to those of society. The only foundation of what he terms a pretension or claim (anspruch) is the *general fitness* which men derive from nature for the different acts of social life; the only foundation of a right is the determination of that general fitness, to some of the *particular acts* of social life. Hence a right is nothing else than a pretension or claim, which is realized; and realized agreeably to the laws of nature; and hence it follows that it is essentially a right conceived in the moment of realization. Those who are born blind, deaf, and dumb, &c. are wanting in the general fitness for the different acts of social life; and there is consequently a defect in their pretensions or claims. Thus the pretensions of all organized beings are the same, because their organization is the same. Where, in any particular society, a difference is made in respect to pretensions, it can proceed only from the lawgiver's not having sufficiently studied the law of nature. This is an unpardonable fault, since the goodness of a social law depends upon its subordination to the law of nature. No lawgiver falls into the error of changing a right into a pretension, and why should a pretension be capriciously converted into a right? The science of legislation is indeed still in its infancy, and this will continue to be the case till the natural law, as it is revealed in the nature of man, is elevated above the law which is the product of social institutions.

Since, with a few exceptions in which nature thinks right to deviate from her eternal laws, all are born with the same general fitness for the different acts of social life; or in other words, since our organization is the same, so are the pretensions or claims which are founded on that organization, the same. Hence all pretensions and claims involve the idea of equality. But as different capacities for the different acts of social life, distinguish different individuals, this difference of capacity constitutes a difference of *right*. Hence follows an *inequality of rights*. But, how could nature at the same

time will what was equal and unequal? Nature would have been inconsistent with herself, if she had willed both in reference to pretension, and in reference to right; but her consistency is preserved by her having willed equality only in reference to pretension, and inequality only in reference to right.

It is only the equality of pretension which can be regarded as a work of nature; for the inequality of right is the effect of human contrivance, which begins to operate when nature ceases to interpose. Nature can be accountable for the inequality of right only so far as she wills the existence of human society. But the inequality of right is in itself no object of reproach; for without this inequality there could be no other society than what was composed of independent and disjointed parts.

He who makes the inequality of right the object of unconditional and indiscriminate abuse, only proves that he is ignorant of the very essence of society. Such was the case of J. J. Rousseau, whose reasoning on social inequality, is founded on a confused intermixture of the ideas of pretension and of right. The wrongs against which he so warmly inveighs, do not owe their origin to the inequality of right, but to that of pretension. There are certain functions without which society cannot exist, which must be assigned to particular classes, without regarding the internal goodness of the individuals.

Where all the social functions are laid open to all the members of a society, the highest possible will be the object of general competition, in which will be included every thing which can be called capacity and virtue. But where the general competition is repressed by an impassable line, dejection and imbecility must ensue. He who destroys the equality of pretensions, and substitutes the inequality of privileges in its place, perverts the design of nature; and by such a medley of ignorance neither political health nor strength can be produced. A pine-apple might as well be raised in the condensed air of a cellar. If we wish for a social system full of the energy of life, it can be effected only one way; by equality of pretension, and inequality of right. In other words pay a holy deference to the will of nature in the formation of organic laws. Nature has made no differences in the organization of man; and capacities which are the effect of habit, ought not to be confounded with organization.

Would any inequality of pretension be found among a race of *autochthones*? What is it then which introduces the inequality of pretensions into social systems? Is it not the subjection, which ensues when a rude people conquers another, annihilates all the rights of man, changes persons into things,

and introduces slavery? We cannot conceive how any people should attempt their own subjugation; this would be as unnatural as for any individual voluntarily to mutilate himself. Thus we cannot see how an inequality of pretensions or claims should take place among a race of *autochthones*. The equality of pretension, and the inequality of right would rather be established among them in the highest perfection. And as both could not exist together without an excellent organization of the government, we should find among such a people the best organic laws.

To the question, why if nature willed the equality of pretensions or claims, did she render the inequality possible, the author gives the following answer:—since nature left to man the creation of the political world, she would not, at least directly, interfere in the formation of political laws. She left it to the sagacity of man to discover an undeviating criterion of the good or evil, the excellences or defects of his political creation. The errors which he committed as a legislator left in their consequences matter for reflection; conquest, and subjection did not prevent the establishment of good social laws; they rather led to them though by a circuitous rout. Conquerors indeed imagined that they could convert those who for a moment submitted to their power into perpetual slaves; but this was so far from being the case, that they only established relations which accelerated the production of more correct principles. Whether the equality of claims which nature willed, was established a century sooner or later, was a matter of indifference, when all her measures was so taken that it could not be ultimately prevented. Indeed despotism is continually producing the means of its own destruction; and that system only can be permanent which accords with the nature of things, and the moral constitution of the world.

The barbarians of the middle ages would have been wary of destroying the equality of pretensions if they had any notion that it formed the true basis for an inequality of rights. But they never reflected on the benefit of social laws. The same may be affirmed of those who think to give a perpetual duration to the privileges which they enjoy. By such privileges an inequality of rights is substituted for an equality of pretensions, and bad laws appropriate to birth what only virtue should possess. Can such a system be perpetual? It has been ascertained by the experience of all places and times, that an inequality of pretensions ends in an equality of rights, and that the misery which is connected with such a revolution can be prevented only by restoring the equality of pretensions. This truth should be impressed on all those states in which the privileged cannot bring themselves to

perceive that an equality of pretensions is the purest source of an inequality of rights.

Privileges, if not useful, are at least harmless where they are circumscribed within the bounds of an inequality of right. But when they pass this barrier, and encroach on the equality of pretensions, they begin to be destructive and to stop up the source of political life.

Society cannot proceed too far in conferring rewards on its benefactors, as long as it does not render those rewards hereditary. The author says that the true reason why offices, dignities, &c. should never be hereditary, is that the father cannot convey any thing more of his essence to his son than a *general fitness for the different functions of social life*. But this general fitness is not the developement, the appropriate culture of the faculty. This is less in the power of the father in proportion as he is more employed in the duties of his office.

We must do mankind the justice to believe that they would never have rendered offices and dignities hereditary if they could have reasoned on the subject. Even in the feudal system nothing was less designed than such hereditary powers. They were established against the will of those whom we are wont to name the authors of this system, and were rather the product of necessity than of choice. The principal cause consisted in the incapacity of the kings to remunerate their servants in any other way than by territorial gifts; the immoveable nature of which was closely connected with the hereditary possession. When this became established, the terrible consequences soon appeared. Even Charlemagne was sensible of them. In order to counteract the want of capacity and talent, which was the immediate effect of hereditary privileges, he established universities for the education of the sons of his principal officers, but these learned institutions were useful only to those who did not enjoy any hereditary privileges. When the emperor was one day present at an examination of the scholars, he commended the diligence of the youths of the middle rank, and then directing his discourse to the sons of the nobles he said, you young nobles, who are born of the first families in the kingdom, are bred up in effeminacy and luxury, and imagine that your birth and your wealth are a compensation for every defect. Thus you despise my laws, and think with impunity to prefer idleness, gaming, singing, and trivial accomplishments to the acquisition of useful knowledge; but your nobility, your frivolity, and conceit will not pass for much with me, and if you do not improve, you shall have good reason to repent of the neglect. The menaces of Charlemagne were of little avail. In order to render them ef-

fectual he should have taken care to establish the inequality of rights, without diminishing the equality of pretensions. But he wanted means for the purpose. The great scarcity of money which prevailed in this time was one of the chief causes of hereditary privilege, as far as it was occasioned by the immutable nature of territorial gifts.

The hereditary tenure of offices and dignities, which became gradually established in the feudal system, would have diffused the essence of feudalism over the whole surface of society, had not the church interposed. The connection between both took place as early as the eighth century; but from the time of Gregory the VIIth, the church proved of real utility to the feudal system, by employing means for its security which were quite foreign to the genius of feudal tenures. One of these was celibacy, by which the hereditary possession of ecclesiastical offices and dignities was cut up by the roots; the other was the admission of persons from the lower ranks of life into the ministry of the church. Both these so far counteracted the effect of hereditary right, that they prevented it from degenerating into an absolute nullity of intellect. Thus it was the equality of pretensions that subsisted in the church, which prevented the total dissolution of the whole social system which must otherwise have resulted from the continuance of an inequality of pretensions in the constitution of the state.

In those countries, in which the reformation broke asunder the connection between the church and the feudal system, the hereditary aristocracy fell into such a state of imbecility as to be incapable any longer of making an effectual resistance against the sovereign, against whom their whole power had hitherto been directed. But, where the connection remained untouched, the hereditary nobles still retained some degree of energy. The higher culture of the nobles in Catholic countries may be owing to this circumstance, that the ecclesiastical dignitaries, who exceed them in rank, and enjoy almost the same privileges, serve to promote an intellectual competition which rouses them from their slumber, into which they would otherwise be plunged by the narcotic influence of hereditary rank.

From this sketch we see that the equality of pretensions which can be expelled only by hereditary privilege, is always attempting to restore itself. Society in this respect is like a body, which destined for a great length of existence, is strong enough to bear some disorders in its organic frame. It makes great efforts to remove these disorders. If it succeeds, its health returns; if it fails, death or the cessation of all action is the unavoidable consequence of loss of strength. Perhaps it will be said that notwithstanding this

diseased organization (of hereditary privilege) as there are political bodies which have lasted a thousand years, why attempt any innovation? But we answer with the author: is not this either the language of that indolence, which will not move a step out of the common track, or of that selfishness which will not part with one of the emoluments which it has hitherto enjoyed? The science of government is not of that miserable species that may every instant be altered or overthrown by fortuitous occurrences; it has its eternal principles from which man cannot deviate without the wanton sacrifice of social happiness; that which is conformable to these principles must come to pass.

In the relations of states there must be some harmony, if they are not wont to treat each other as enemies. But how can this harmony be produced, if they are not placed by a similar organization in a state of equilibrium? Or do we think it possible to preserve this harmony where there is the greatest difference of organic form? For a certain mode of thinking is intimately blended with the political organization, and a perpetual similarity of taste might as well be expected between a healthy person and a sick; as a durable friendship between two states, of which one is founded on bad, and the other on good organic laws. What is the real cause of the political ferment of which we are all either the spectators or the victims? It is only this, that among the European states one has made the equality of pretensions the ground-work of the inequality of rights, while the rest incessantly confound pretension with right, and adhere to their ancient organization. But what is the consequence of this obstinacy or caprice? That one state after another has been overthrown; for where pretension and right are confounded, imbecility itself has established its abode. As long as this was generally the case, states were preserved in a natural equilibrium, but as soon as a particular state proclaimed the equality of pretensions, it acquired the most decided preponderance. The equalization of claims made an essential addition to its offensive power; for every soldier waged war with the passion of a sovereign who fights on his own account.

The nobility of which the author speaks, has little or nothing in common with that which was the product of the feudal system, which he calls the feudal aristocracy. The nobility which he commends, is the personification of ability or virtue under some of its modifications. This seems the purest idea of nobility which we can form. If ability or virtue be not made the principal constituent of nobility, it will be difficult to define in what its essence consists. But the author asks this question, can the personification of ability or virtue be rendered hereditary? Do we not immediately

see that this is impossible? Could man effect this without the omnipotence of the Deity? He who endeavours to render nobility hereditary, has never considered its essence. For, if there be no nobility but what is personal, a hereditary noble is an absurdity.

The author tells us, that what is here said is in strict conformity with the theory of duties and of rights, as it is unfolded in every moral system. The origin of our rights is the same as that of our duties. But when those rights, which are founded on the performance of duty, are connected with something which has no relation to duty, a total subversion of all that is just and rational must ensue. Is birth and ability the same? how then can nobility be a birth-right? Is there not something proportional between ability and right? he whose rights do not spring out of his duties, is but too much inclined to set duty at defiance. This must be the character of those who are brought up under a system where there is no equality of pretension, but an inequality of right. The author thinks that the proper nobility is that which is the personal identity of ability and virtue, which is not compatible with hereditary descent, and which deviates from the parity of pretension, only so far as is requisite to manifest its essence in the disparity of right. But it is very different with that nobility which owes its origin to the feudal system.

If we compare the beginning and the end of the feudal system, we find that the whole object was to render territorial possession the base of political consideration. A nobility which is founded on property, may indeed be rendered hereditary; since property is an heritable thing; but is this nobility noble? Is there not as much difference as between a person and a thing? The nobility, accordingly, which was created by the feudal system, was a compound of incongruities. The great error was in the attempt to make ability proportionate to right, instead of proportioning right to ability. The feudal aristocracy valued their territorial domain more than any thing else, which was the cause of their decline.

If nobility be the personification of ability and virtue, it must be regarded as having a relation to all the different duties of social life. Thus it cannot form a particular rank, for according to this supposition, it is common to all ranks, and though it admits of distinction, it excludes all hereditary privilege. But it is quite different with that nobility, which owes its origin to the feudal system, and which the author terms the feudal aristocracy. This aristocracy is neither the personification of ability nor of virtue.

The true nobility, says the author, which is founded on intellectual and moral excellence, can neither be given, nor

taken away; for like strength and genius, it establishes itself, and subsists of itself. It may be acknowledged, it is true; but to acknowledge and to impart are different things. It is what the greatest power cannot impart; and it will cause itself to be acknowledged by its promotion to the highest offices, and by such distinctions as where they are sparingly bestowed, are objects of general competition. But, if we go beyond this boundary, instead of establishing what is good, we run the risk of introducing nothing but evil. When a monarch on ascending the throne, or on any other solemn occasion, scatters hereditary privileges with a lavish hand, he is not aware that he diminishes his own power in proportion as these privileges impair the resources of his people. If he were conscious of this, he would be more parsimonious in the distribution, if he did not omit it altogether.

If nobility be diffused over the whole society, and if, as far as it represents talents, it is established by consent rather than by creation, there will, on one side, be no reason to lament its enormities; and, on the other, it will create the feeling of admiration rather than of disgust. The author passes high commendation on the French Legion of Honour. The decay of all the orders of the feudal aristocracy is not to be sought merely in the frivolous spirit of the times, which scorns all grandeur of design, but in the peculiar disposition of those in whom hereditary rank has paralysed all the strong motives to action, and left nothing but idleness in their stead.

Where there is a standing nobility, the way will be opened for money to purchase the possession. This constitutes its shame. But this is closely connected with its other defects: and who can deny that there can be a greater prostitution of merit than to adjust it by the standard of gold? Money is easily acquired; and the example of the Jews proves with how much effrontery men will scoff at every thing, which is called morality, in order to become rich in a short time. It is not so with merit, which can be acquired only by exertion and by courage, amid dangers and toils. But shall we set the same value on both? Shall money and merit be the same in moral estimation? Shall we justify our complaisance for money, by alleging that wealth soon finds its own rank in society? We may answer that then nobility should not constitute the first rank in a nation; for when we speak of nobility, it is the *merit* which is the first consideration, and the money is the last.

As all things in the world have their appointed limits, within which they preserve their proper consistency and identity of character—the following question suggests itself to the author: What are the limits within which the equality of pretension should be confined, in order to be useful to the whole?—In order to discover these limits, the author supposes two cases;

in the first, the essential character of a government, or its unity is legally destroyed, while equality of pretension is the fundamental law of the state; in the second, equality of pretension is established by the fundamental laws, and the first essential character of a government, unity, is not legally annihilated, but is still so modified that the office of the chief magistrate is not made hereditary. In these two cases how will the equality of pretension show itself? In the first case we will instance an Athenian republic, in which every individual is a competitor for the supreme power; where the universal spirit of ambition produces such violent effects, that no public tranquillity can be experienced till a Pericles arises who makes every faction submit to his lofty genius. The second case we will exemplify in the Polish monarchy, in which the country was a prey to a periodic anarchy, where in the interval between the death of one king and the choice of another, all the passions were let loose, and the volitions of individuals passing their present bounds, endeavoured to secure their object at the public cost. In both cases the equality of pretensions must prove destructive to the state, though it may be clearly foretold that its end will not be produced by the languor of weakness, but by the convulsions of strength.

Hence we may infer within what limit the equality of pretension should be circumscribed. This should be no other than the hereditary succession of the supreme power, sufficiently fortified by the laws of the state, and maintained by the force of such institutions as will render even the thought of any pretensions to it chimerical. With this limitation the author says, that the equality of pretension in every other instance cannot be dangerous. Even the most violent ambition will prove useful to the state; for it will be like a stream, which is confined by such lofty banks that it can neither diverge to the right nor to the left; and may consequently fertilize, but cannot destroy. The author would introduce hereditary rank in a state only in the family of the sovereign; but he would banish it from every department subordinate to the throne. Hereditary succession is accordingly no privilege. For a privilege carries with it the idea of some peculiar advantage with which one is invested, to the injury of the right of another; but in the hereditary succession of the throne, the public good is the sole consideration; for, if it were not hereditary, all the passions would be put in motion, and a really boundless ambition be inflamed. Where the throne is hereditary, the possessor cannot, on that account, act as he pleases; he must rather follow that direction which is chalked out for him by the laws: and his principal business is so to act as not to be deprived of those advantages which are connected with the sovereignty. What particularly deserves consideration is, that the hereditary nature of the supreme power

does not, like that of other offices, lead to the organic weakness of the state. In the organization of the government, of which the depositary of unity or of the personal identity of the state is only a part, though the principal part, care may be taken to controul the way-ward will of the sovereign; while this is hardly possible, in reference to the possessors of the principal offices of state, if they are rendered hereditary in a greater or less number of privileged families. We may organize a government but not a family.

It may be said, are the great offices of state any where hereditary, if they are not open to the competition of all?—The author replies, that if it be not the son who inherits the office, it is at least a near or distant relation; and that the circle in which the possession of the office revolves, is of such a nature, that the same maxims are fixed in it for centuries; so that the man never ennobles the office, but incessantly wants the office to ennoble him.

The feudal aristocracy was appointed as a means of protecting the throne from the violence which might result from the equality of pretension. But it would never have been created, if at that time they had had any idea of the means by which the hereditary succession of the sovereignty might be secured. Ignorant of what constituted the goodness of an organic law, they supposed that it might be found in hereditary succession. They thus rendered it impossible to unite a disparity of right with a parity of pretension.—They wished to form companions for the sovereign. To this no objection could be made. But when they rendered them hereditary, they did not consider that all social incorporation must, as far as they are corporations, enjoy an hereditary preeminence; for their existence is not compatible with the solution of continuity. The individuals may perish, but the corporation remains.

Where a government is perfectly organized—where it unites the essential characters of unity and society, so that the existence of one is supported by that of the other, there no intervening power is wanted for the security of the throne. This middle power presses then very unnecessarily on those for whom it is designed as a barrier of separation; for, when we have discovered the right way to render the passions not only harmless but even useful, we no longer want to keep them down. It is true that there could no longer be either any individual, nor any public freedom, if all had an equal right to do what they pleased. But we do not speak of any such right when we defend equality of pretension. The space which this permits us to pass over, constitutes our individual freedom; that, which it prohibits, constitutes the public liberty. But to secure these two objects, good laws only are wanting.—But how are good laws to be obtained?

He is a man of noble birth, of rank, or family, &c. are expressions which a great number of persons use, in order to shew that an individual is qualified to undertake the government of the state. But why do we so seldom mention the talents or particular fitness of the individual? They are never lost sight of where an individual of rank and family becomes a candidate for a public situation:—If the post, which is to be filled, should be of such a nature that it can be adequately filled only by him who possesses more than ordinary knowledge and sagacity, who is acquainted with the causes which have occasioned the rise and fall of states; who possesses sufficient stability of character not to be confounded, though half the world should be combined against him—who unites suppleness with strength—who is never rendered supine by indolence—who never misses nor omits an opportunity—who acts only when he is certain of the event—who, in one word, unites wisdom with bravery,—where should we find such a character? Should we meet with him in the privileged classes of rank and birth? Were our choice confined to these, we should be objects of compassion.—We must look for him in the eternal laboratory of nature, without paying any deference to the laws of extraction and convenience. It is possible that he may belong to the first class of society; but to which ever he may belong, to him and him only, pre-eminence is due.

In the government of Athens, the pride of pedigree had no influence in the administration of offices. Cleon, the tanner, might appear at the head of an army as well as the noble Alcibiades. The question was not, who administers the office? but how is the office administered?—The organic laws of Athens were defective so far as there was a want of amity in the sovereign power; but they favoured the pretensions of genius and worth.

In modern Europe, where it is even yet little considered that families, which coexist at the same time, must be equally old, it is for the most part necessary, in order to be of what is called a good family, to be the descendant of some celebrated warrior. But can it be proved that the descendant of a chief or a general is made of better stuff than the son of a scholar, of a merchant, or anyone else? Or is the merit of a chieftain or a general so rare that gratitude must exhaust its stores to reward him to the extent of his desert? As the capacity of a warrior is seen only in the defence of his country, is it not possible that the capacity of a lawgiver, or of him who discovers some new truth or some useful art, may contribute as much to the glory of his country, and may merit equal or higher regard? We are still so far barbarians, that we prize the merit of that which is easy, while we hardly speak of that which is difficult. We speak with regret of the hardships of a general, whose

marches, toils, and privations, are conducive to his health; while we heed not the painful exertions and silent night-watchings of the artist, the philosopher, &c. Those are honoured, while these are invested with a celebrity to which their contemporaries and fellow citizens make the smallest contribution. Our criterion of merit seems to be the fear of the sword.

The author says that it behoves us to inquire into the causes of the general weakness, at a time when the son of a Corsican advocate is placed by the force of genius on the throne of France, and is prescribing laws to the whole European world.—Can we discover any more comprehensive or efficacious cause of the general debility, than the neglect of genius? It was not enough that places of honour were open only to the members of the first rank, but while real merit was neglected, even the very refuse of society were elevated to posts of dignity and pre-eminence. Coachmen, jockeys, lackeys, animals of every description, were converted into counsellors of war and ministers of peace. This followed from the law of attraction, which is as operative in the moral as in the physical world; for where talents and sagacity are proscribed, and the rights of birth and of rank are alone regarded, baseness associates itself with ignorance, and by this amalgam the ruin of society is accomplished. There is no more unfortunate omen than where the noble minister, president, &c. is delighted with having subordinates with whom he can compare himself without losing by the comparison.

In the four first chapters of the second book, the author shews how a nobility, which is founded on territorial domain, is injurious to agriculture—how it impedes the progress of manufactures—prevents the more sublime developement of the arts and sciences, and is an hereditary enemy to all the other citizens, with the exception of the monied aristocracy, which serves as a reservoir for its exhausted means.—In the four last chapters the author has explained how little service this nobility, as the primary constituent of the social hierarchy, renders in a military or political capacity, and how, divested of all principle and throughout incapable of a scientific formation, it incessantly shakes the throne, whose main support it affects to be. This cannot be disproved without showing that the feudal nobility is in possession of all sagacity and virtue, which is not possible; because this nobility, as soon as it is conscious of the want of intellectual or moral excellence, is obliged to have recourse to the third estate, or the people, for the necessary supplies; and thus evinces its practical conviction that the source of ability and virtue is not in it, but flows in a subordinate channel, of which it cannot, with all its efforts, alter the course. The author concludes that the feudal nobility, or that which is founded on certain territorial possessions, or on

the forcible relation between a master and his slave, is not the true ; for the essence of the true consists not in having riches, but in being rich ; not in money nor in land, but in talents and in virtues ; not in external appendages, but in personal endowments.

This conclusion must be so much more correct, as nature has imprinted the seal of her sovereignty on men, by the power displayed in the creation ; and is only those who possess this power in an eminent degree, who deserve any superiority of distinction.—The power of enjoyment is common not only to all men without exception, but even to the beasts, so that man can found no preference on this without exalting the animal above the man. As far as the feudal nobility think themselves preeminently destined for sensual indulgences, and incessantly behold in themselves nothing but beings ordained to consume the fruits of the earth, they are removed such a distance from the true nobility, that hardly any thing can be more remote.

In the following book the author proceeds to inquire how that **NEW NOBILITY** should be constituted, of which society is in so much need, in order to recover from the state of imbecility and decay in which it has hitherto been depressed, to attain the vigour of youth ; and to show how necessary it is to abolish the old feudal aristocracy, with all its hereditary privileges.

Were we to annihilate every thing which is called hereditary privilege—were we to open the limits of pretension not only to a certain number of families, but to all the citizens without exception—were we to permit no other distinction but that of intelligence and virtue—were we to place no other barrier to the general competition than that of an hereditary throne, it would soon be proved whether that aristocracy, which we have hitherto seen, be the only and the best.

The true aristocracy, or the supremacy of intellect and of virtue, is necessarily annihilated, if we let birth and family constitute a right which should belong only to ability and worth ; but it is roused into life when we establish the equality of pretension, and consequently leave to moral and intellectual endowments the creation of right. Athens and France will prove the truth of this assertion. Athens was indebted for the splendid figure which she made in the ancient world, to no other circumstance than this, that the equality of the citizens was the fundamental law of the constitution.—Had the Athenians had wisdom enough to circumscribe the equality of pretension among the citizens, by rendering the chief magistrate hereditary, their government could hardly have been destroyed by any political convulsions. The French who have ruled over the collective nations of Europe since the revolution, established the equality of pretension ; and their rule will be the more firm and durable the more this equality of pretension is moderated

by the hereditary nature of the chief magistracy, and the later other states are in this respect assimilated to France. Could accident or good fortune have established the present preponderance of France? It is a deplorable blindness which prevents the world from seeing the real cause of this preponderance! And, as long as it remains a secret, the nations will remain in a state of vassalage to France; but, as soon as it ceases to be a secret, intelligence will be opposed by intelligence, and political freedom may be the consequence. To say this publicly, says the author, is to deserve well of one's country, though it may be disagreeable to those who incessantly confound their private emolument with the general good.

Society subsists first, by the independence of the members on one another, secondly, by the different capacity of these members to discharge the various duties which society requires; the first may be regarded as the basis, the last as the medium of the association. However various the duties or exertions may be which society requires, and how great soever the number of those may be who devote themselves to the performance of any particular duty, he only is worthy of marked consideration who brings new ideas into that circle which belongs to his particular occupation; such a person becomes an object of admiration, even though some prejudice may make us despise his employment. But what is it which renders men able to improve their particular vocation by new ideas? Is it any thing but the *creative power of genius*? In this consists the true aristocracy of a country; the aristocracy of ability and worth. To the objection that this *creative power of genius* is a property of the mind and has nothing to do with the affections, the author replies that this *creative power* and *love* were formerly one and the same thing.

Those persons in whom we find this creative power, constitute, according to the author, the real aristocracy, the true nobility, so that every one in whom there is a defect of this property is on that sole account excluded from the rank of noble. —The employment, in which this creative power is displayed, makes, according to the author, no difference, because as society can be carried on only by a great multiplicity of vocations, it is interested in the continuance of every one, of which it acknowledges the utility. Whether a man be a tailor, or a general, or a philosopher, if he be a man of genius and talents, he is on that account a noble in the best sense of the word. In fact, how can the production of a particular product so alter the nature of the thing as to oblige us to bestow on it a more particular consideration? However deserving of regard agriculture may be, yet it is not at all more respectable than any other employment which is acknowledged to be useful to society. The possession of a certain territorial property which has been

connected with privileges, with which it ought never to have been united, should no more induce us to confer the rank of noble on the possessor, than the circumstance of his deriving his birth from the Lord knows whom; and the effrontery of considering his family as more ancient than that of all his contemporaries whose families are as old as his. If the employment rather than the mode of performing it, constitute nobility, we cannot conceive why the most spiritual should not have been selected as the constituent of nobility. But the truth is, that abstractedly considered one employment is equal to another; and consequently there is not so much superiority of distinction between one employment and another as between the mode of conducting the same employment.

If we establish a nobility, which, separated from any particular employment, has its basis only in the creative genius, the ability and worth of the individual who exercises it, it is remarkable that society is acquainted with all its members who are distinguished by this genius, this ability and worth, so that they cannot well be mistaken. Here there is a double advantage, first, the acknowledgment is no favour; secondly, that as an attestation of honour, it is not a fictitious nor imaginary assumption, but the substantial reality of the thing. It is no favour, because it was anticipated by the judgment of the public; it is a real demonstration of honour, because it is confirmed by the sentence of the whole society, which, in questions of merit, seldom errs. But what need it, it may be said, of a formal acknowledgment, when an external decoration may be employed? This question is of a considerable interest. It is of the highest importance to be acquainted with all those persons who are distinguished by their genius, not only to gratify an idle curiosity, nor even in order to testify a regard for virtue, but because the faculty of genius is of such a nature that it soon masters every object that is placed before it, and that consequently we may not be at a loss in extraordinary emergencies to find persons of extraordinary talents. Farther, it is of consequence not only that society, in the gross, but that every individual should be able to discern the man of merit by some particular decoration, should learn to respect the public opinion, of which it is only the expression, and should be incited to strive for a similar distinction. In short, we should consider that all decorations which are awarded to merit *in general* diminish pride, while they awaken esteem, that on the contrary, decorations which are adjudged *only* to merit of *some particular class* infuse unnatural antipathies into society and diminish its unity and force.

The author allows that this plan would produce a nobility similar to that of the French legion of honour; but he asks whether this be not the most perfect form of nobility which can be established? For when we have once gotten rid of the

prejudices which favour the distinction of ranks, we perceive that the creation of a legion of honour is sufficient for all the purposes of an institution by which a true nobility is to be called into life. As merit is always something personal, the acknowledgment and the reward of it have always a reference to the person in whom the merit resides. If virtue be not exclusively connected with a particular employment, and consequently with a particular class of citizens, but if it be common to all the occupations and all the classes of the community, virtue should be acknowledged, honoured and rewarded in every condition of life, and in every department of the state, in order to hallow every mode of employment and to animate to the most perfect execution. But since honour is always one and the same thing, so is its symbol one and the same. But, if we be morally upright, what can we want more than that parity of pretension, without which it is impossible to render a state powerful, by the perfect union of the energies, the abilities, and virtues of all the individuals?

The history of the times has sufficiently proved that hereditary privileges are the destruction of states. With respect to officers and dignities, states should admit the same competition that is found in other things. How far the power of man extends, can be known only by putting it to the proof; but this cannot be done without laying open the path to liberty of exertion. Experience shows that the favourable opinion of the public is acquired by very different means from those by which that of the monarch is obtained. But is not that which we are wont to call grace or favour in the last, by far more the effect than the cause of that general imbecility of character which we find in all feudal governments? Where equality of pretension is made a fundamental law, we may be certain that ability and virtue will be the only objects of public favour; but where an inequality of pretension paralyses all the energies of the state, they will be the objects of favour who are known for some qualities which have no necessary connection with public duty.

We pass over what the author says about the pernicious effects of female sway in the region of politics, which he ascribes principally to the inequality of pretension and the vitiated aristocracy to which it gave rise; and we shall mention, what he considers as the characteristic marks of a genuine nobility contrasted with the spurious product of feudal times. Such a nobility will have more morality than egoism; more grandeur than meanness of conception; more abhorrence of vice than defect of philanthropy; more dignity than presumption; more magnanimity than baseness; more thirst for fame than lust of pelf; more merit than intrigue; more genius than frivolity; more sublimity of sentiment than servility of complaisance; more sense of duty than respect for any prejudice.

Where such a species of nobility prevails, every other must sink into contempt.

The feudal aristocracy, according to the author, is totally incapable of giving to any dynasty that strength which is requisite for its permanence. He says that it wants that degree of intelligence, which the spirit of the times demands, and that a new aristocracy is necessary which may owe all its power and splendour to its own intellectual and moral preëminence. Such an aristocracy, which is for ever young, and which must owe its origin to an equality of pretensions, would, as he thinks, not only preserve states from the imbecility, abasement, and servitude, in which they have hitherto been sunk, but give them a degree of strength, by which, after having so long fluctuated between the most opposite directions, they may become capable of a durable independence. In such a system no one would attempt to aggrandize himself by the depression of his fellow citizens; for this would be such a climax of folly as can only be found among those, who from abhorring all equality of pretensions are morally diseased. No other honour would be desired than that which is conducive to the common good. In such a system alone there can be any deliverance from oppression, any security of freedom, any real improvement in the organic or social laws of states.

In the idea which the author seems to have formed of a perfect government, he proposes to give to the sovereign the *initiation of the laws*, as well as the promulgation. These he calls the natural attributes of the depositary of the personal identity of the state, or the supreme functionary; and he says that the maturation of a thought, which has first been conceived by a sovereign, into a good law, is the natural attribute of the depositary of the social energies, the corporate capacity or representative wisdom of the state. In this reciprocal limitation, harmony is given to both the essential characters of the government; for where the representative body concerns itself only with that which is proposed for its consideration, its will never counteract the will of him who sets it in motion, and on the other hand his will is digested and perfected in theirs. The author says that such a government forms a spiritual marriage which must be productive of good, for in it there is neither a division of the legislative and executive powers, nor is there any equilibrium of powers. It constitutes the highest degree of political unity; it contains a force of impulsion (*vis impulsio*) and a force of rest (*vis inertie*), by the union of which all the phenomena in the physical and moral world are produced. Despotism, according to its internal quality, is nothing more than the operation of a government, which is destitute of intelligence; and the author tells us that it

may most happily be avoided by a government which identifies the characters of unity and society. The author does not determine what name could best accord with such a government. It is not a monarchy; for that rejects the character of association; and is on that account only half a government. It is not a republic or polyarchy, for that rejects the character of unity, and is on that account only half a government. The name of republican monarchy seems to the author that which best suits it, till a better can be found. The author bestows a much higher panegyric on the government of Bonaparte than it appears to deserve; and he contrasts it with that of England, which he seems to consider as a mixture of political incongruities. But when we consider the terror of Bonaparte which prevails in Germany, and how much authors even of the strongest minds are likely to be influenced in their opinions by the fate of Palm, &c. we are not at all surprised at the panegyric which the author of the *New Leviathan* has conferred on the French, nor at the censure which he has bestowed on the English government.

We have given the substance of this work, and have expressed the ideas of the author, which are often very abstract, with as much clearness as we were able. We have not hazarded any opinions of our own on the system which he has proposed to establish, but may perhaps resume the subject on a future opportunity.

ART. III.—*Les Souvenirs de Felicie*. L***.

The Reminiscences of Felicia* L***. By Mad. de Genlis. 2 Toms. 12mo. Colburn.

WE hope it is no indication of a failure in the stores of her invention, which we have long deemed inexhaustible, that Madame de Genlis now appears before us in the light of a mere collector of bon mots and anecdotes. At least she is not yet able to cast away the forms of romance; and we would willingly consider it as a proof that her imagination which has supplied us with so quick a succession of pleasant objects, is not yet at rest; since, even in pouring forth the contents of a common-place book, she adopts the style and title of a novel-heroine.

* *Reminiscences*, to adopt a quaint term of Lord Orford's. The French word, however, *souvenirs*, deserves to be imported without alteration into the storehouse of our language.

Of two distinct works under a similar title, which have obtained a considerable share of celebrity, among the French literati, and which probably inspired her with the design of the present publication, Mad. G. speaks thus—

* The first (in all respects) is the charming volume entitled *les Souvenirs de Madame de Caylus*. Every thing is perfect in this little work; the sentiments, the style of narration, the elegance, the simplicity; besides it must be acknowledged that the *Souvenirs of Louis-le-grand* and his court, are more interesting than those of the reign of Louis the XV. As for the *Souvenirs of Madam Necker* the public has passed a judgment upon them which may seem severe to the partizans of the author, but which is only equitable; I will even venture to say that, without the high and deserved reputation of that celebrated woman, without the purity of her life and conduct, this sad publication would have done much wrong to her character in the opinion of all sensible people; it would have been impossible to excuse her who allows herself to criticise and ridicule her friend on the bed of death, a friend on whom she had poured forth so many praises, and the assurances of so lively and so tender an affection. We should have been disgusted at the contemptuous air with which the author frequently speaks of her companions, and even of her friends; we should have discovered as little virtue as elegance or taste in such a multitude of insipid and malignant anecdotes, for the most part false, with which she has filled her collection. There is nothing in this work that can have wounded me personally; I am quoted in it only in the most agreeable and flattering manner; but the author speaks with extreme injustice of a person whom I tenderly love, and the insignificant anecdote which she retails on the subject is a lie. I confess, therefore, that feelingly offended, I was at the same time encouraged to publish part of my own journals under the name of Felicia L***; for with a simple and natural style of composition, one might fairly hope to offer to the public a work of this description less tiresome than that of Madam Necker. Pref. p. vi.

We are not acquainted with the work so severely stigmatized by Madame Genlis, and are perhaps sufficiently prejudiced to give willing credit to all she can say against any branch of the family of the cowardly and self-important Necker. Yet we have some hesitation in believing that the *souvenirs* of the lady of finance can be much more dull or more conceited than those which Felicie L*** has taken such pains to select from the contents of her common place-book for the purpose of superseding them in the good opinion of the public. We have never yet, however, met with any new collection of anecdotes, especially French, so barren as to afford no entertainment at all; and, without saying any more about the present than that we hope Ma-

dame de Genlis will lay by her port-folios of *fact*, and resort again to fiction with all the speed she may, shall now proceed to pick out from the budget a few fragments which may give pleasure to some of our readers.

The following trait of the "ruling passion," is, perhaps, a better one than any preserved by Pope, although not strictly in "*articulo mortis*."

'M. de C. very rich and fallen blind of a cataract which formed itself on his eyes, came from the farthest part of Languedoc to Paris, in order to consult Granjean, who told him that his disease demanded an immediate operation, and he would be answerable for its success. M. de C. asked how much the operation would cost him? Fifty louis, replied Granjean. M. de C. exclaimed against the charge, and began to bargain about it. Granjean was inflexible, and he was compelled to yield. Some days after, Granjean went to M. de C.'s and began the operation; when he had removed the cataract from the right eye, M. de G. transported, cried out that he saw perfectly. He was really able to distinguish objects and colours. "Allons," said M. Granjean, "now for the other eye." "Wait a minute," replied M. de C, "you ask fifty louis for the whole operation; that is, twenty-five for each eye; I can see as well as I have any occasion for already; one eye is quite enough for me; to have the operation performed on the other would be only an useless luxury. There are your five and twenty louis"—*Je veux bien rester borgne.*' VOL. I, p. 26.

'M. de Buffon related to me one day the following anecdote. A young foreign prince, having come to see the cabinet of natural history, M. de Buffon offered him his "History of Birds," to which the prince answered very politely, "Sir, you are very good, but I cannot think of depriving you of them:" M. de Buffon, charmed at seeing a prince so well brought up, did not insist, and kept back his work.' VOL. I. p. 35.

'I was once witness to a trait in M. Tronchin, (the famous physician) which proved his passion for his art at the same time that it made me shudder; it was at the death of M. de Puysieulx. M. Tronchin was his physician, his intimate friend, and owed him the highest obligations. M. de Puysieulx was in the last agony, he had lost all recollection; at three in the morning, M. Tronchin who had not quitted his bed-side for 24 hours, said to Madam de Puysieulx that nothing more could be done, and that he should now seek some repose. We forced Mad. de Puysieulx into her chamber; M. de G. remained in that of the dying man. I followed Mad. de Puysieulx whom we put into bed. At the end of three quarters of an hour, I sent to ask news of the patient, and was informed that M. Tronchin had returned and was again seated at the head of his bed; from this I gathered en-

couragement, and returned into the sick room ; I entered it, and was seized with horror at seeing the state in which he was at these last moments of his life ; he was in a fit of convulsive laughter, not loud, but such as might be heard distinctly, and without interruption, a frightful laughter which, contrasted with the marks of death upon the distorted countenance, formed the most ghastly spectacle of which one can form any idea. Mons. Tronchin seated immediately opposite the dying man, looked at him all the while with a fixed attention. I called to him, and asked if he had any hopes since he remained by the side of M. de Puysieulx. " Oh, my God, no—" answered he, " but I never before saw the Sardonian laugh, and am particularly glad of this opportunity to contemplate it." VOL. I. P. 67.

—We omit Madame de G's wise reflexion—as well as the ominous appearances which marked the departure of poor M. de Puysieulx. The story itself is a striking one, though there are probably few medical men in existence, who cannot afford a parallel to it from their own feelings on particular occasions.

At p. 180, we meet with a retailed witticism which proves that the author of " My Pocket-book," is not original.

" The Marquis de * * * is returned from Italy, which has given his conversation a few more common-places, and a greater share of pedantry than before his travels. I asked him if he had made a journal, he told me he had brought back all the materials, and was now composing the plan. The Chevalier de * * * who supped with us that evening came to visit me the next morning, and presenting me with a little pocket-book full of his writing ; " there," says he, " is M. le Marquis's *Voyage d' Italie* which he has lent me." P. 181.

This little jeu d' esprit pleased Madame de G. uncommonly, and she preserved it in her port-folio for one of her souvenirs. It is really very lively, and if M. le Marquis ever heard of it, we have no doubt that he was equally enraged with Sir John Carr on a similar occasion, though probably he was not quite fool enough to adopt a similar mode of vengeance.

We believe the following anecdote to be new, and think it far from a bad one :

" The late king," (Louis the XVth), " was in such a state of corruption, that the surgeons declared it was impossible to open the body ; M. le duc * * * who is far advanced in years, set up an outcry—it was an unheard of thing that a king should not be embalmed. " Eh bien ! Monsieur le duc," said la Martiniere, " as first surgeon to the late king, it is my duty to make the incision ; but you as first gentleman of the chamber, must be present

at the operation, and receive in a golden box the king's heart which I am to give you, and I have the honour to inform you that neither you, nor I, nor any one of those who assist at the ceremony, will survive it eight days." M. le duc did not persist.' p. 195.

! M. de Redonchel is violently *Anglomane*. Yesterday he was on horseback at the door of the king's carriage going to Choisi. There had been a good deal of rain, and M. de Redonchel trotting on in the mud bespattered the king, who looking out at the window, said, "M. de Redonchel, *vous me crottez.*" "Où sire, a l' *Anglaise,*" answered he with an air of high self-satisfaction—having mistaken the king's "*vous me crottez,*" for "*vous trottez.*" The king not perceiving the mistake, only put up the glass, saying very good naturedly, *Voilà un trait d' Anglomanie qui est un peu fort.*" p. 196.

We recommend the following story to the consideration of such ladies as wish to be modest, but are not quite certain in what true modesty consists.

'Elegance of style and manner is undoubtedly very desirable—but affectation is just as far different from it as coarseness. It seems natural enough that a woman should scruple to use certain expressions; but then she must take care to hide her delicacy, for in making a display of it, she abandons spirit and taste at the same time. Madame de * * * made a vow never to utter the word *culotte*, which one day placed her in a singular embarrassment. The Baron de Besenval, said to M. le duc de * * * who was just returned after an absence of six months to Versailles, "I must put you in the way of the fashion. Wear a puce-coloured coat, a puce waistcoat, and a puce *culotte*, and present yourself with confidence—nothing more is necessary to be successful at court." This pleasantry was soon put into circulation. Madame de * * * took it in her head yesterday to retail it, and stupidly rushed headlong into the recital; but all at once perceiving that she was on the brink of the fatal word, stopped suddenly short after having uttered the first syllable. This silence appeared much more laughable than the story itself. Madame de * * * blushed, stammered, and looked silly; and M. d' Osmond, with his usual good-nature and thoughtlessness said, looking at her with surprise. "It seems that Madame attaches some particular signification to this word." "Not at all," answered somebody else, "on the contrary Madame is enable to *detach* from it a very natural idea." Would it not have been a thousand times better, especially at the age of forty-five, to have told the story through without the least hesitation.' p. 154. vol. ii.

What a pity that some such elegant and *modest* substitution as "*inexpressibles,*" "*third articles,*" &c. &c. was not at that time invented. It would have saved Madame

de * * * a blush, M. d' Osmond a blunder, and somebody else a blackguard allusion, and Madame de Genlis the repetition of it.

It is evident from the accounts given us in numberless publications of the French court, during the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. that gallantry has no where else been so coarsely tinged with the extremes of *grossiere*; and the occasional traits of fantastical refinement which occur are by no means contradictions to this general remark. Some of the latter are however very amusing, for instance the following of the Prince de Conti.

'Mad. de B.—in her youth said one day in the presence of this prince, that she wished to have the miniature portrait of her canary bird in a ring. The prince de Conti offered to have the portrait and ring made for her. Mad. de B.—accepted the offer on condition that the ring should be set in the simplest manner and without any ornament. In fine the ring was only a small circle of gold, but instead of a crystal to cover the picture, they made use of a large diamond, which was made as thin as glass.—Mad. de B.—perceived this magnificence, she had the ring unset, and sent back the diamond. The Prince then had it ground and reduced to a powder, and made use of it for sand to dry the ink of the note he wrote on the subject to Mad. de B.' Vol. i. p. 179.

Madame de Genlis gives us a long account of a visit paid by her at Ferney, and her first introduction to Voltaire, which is so entirely filled up with her own fine feelings, sensibilities, and awkwardnesses, that we got very little insight into the manners of the *Philosophe*. In the pages which she devotes to Jean Jacques Rousseau there is something rather more entertaining.

'Rousseau came almost every day to dine with us, and I had not remarked in him, for nearly five months, either susceptibility or caprice, when we once almost quarrelled, on a very out of the way subject; he was very fond of a particular sort of Lillery wine; Mr. de—asked permission to send him some, adding that he had himself received it as a present from his uncle. Rousseau replied that he would oblige him very much by sending two bottles. The next morning Mr. de—sent him a hamper containing two dozen, which offended Rousseau so much that he immediately sent it all back with a strange note of three lines, which appeared to me quite foolish, for it was full of expressions of the most violent disdain, anger, and even implacable resentment. Monsieur de Sauvigny put the finishing stroke to our astonishment and consternation, by telling us that Rousseau was really furious, and protested he would never see us again. Mr. de—confounded

that such a simple attention, should have been taken up as so heinous a crime, told me that since I had not been an accomplice in his impertinence, Rousseau would perhaps in behalf of my innocence consent to return. We loved him, and our sorrow was sincere, I wrote him a tolerably long letter, which I sent with two bottles presented from myself. Rousseau permitted himself to be moved and came back again—he was very kind to me but he was freezing to Mr. de— with whom he had till then tasted the charms of wit and conversation; and Mr. de— has never been able entirely to regain his good graces.

Two months after, Monsieur de Sauvigny presented to the French stage, a piece intitled *Le Persifleur*. Rousseau had told us that he never went to any plays, and that he carefully avoided shewing himself in public, but as he appeared to be very fond of Monsieur de Sauvigny I pressed him to come with us to the first representation of this piece: and he consented, because I had a grated box lent me, near the stage, with a private staircase and lobby; it was agreed that I should take him to the theatre, and that if the play succeeded, we should return home before the after-piece, and sup all together at my house; this scheme a little deranged the usual habits of Rousseau, but he entered into it with all the good nature imaginable.

The day of the representation, Rousseau came to me, a little before five o'clock, and we set out in company with him;—when we were in the carriage Rousseau laughingly said to me, that I was very finely dressed for a grated box. I replied in the same tone, that I had dressed myself for him. This fine attire consisted only in having my head ornamented like a young person. I wore flowers in my hair, but was in other respects very plainly dressed. I remark particularly on this little circumstance, to which the remainder of my story will give importance.

We arrived at the theatre more than half an hour before the beginning of the play; on entering the box, my first care was to let down the grate. Rousseau immediately opposed me strongly, telling me he was sure I should dislike having the grate down. I protested the contrary, adding besides that it was a thing agreed upon; he replied that if he placed himself behind, I should conceal him perfectly, and that was all he wished for—I insisted on the contrary very earnestly, but Rousseau held the grate by force, and prevented my lowering it.—During all this debate, we were standing: our box was in the first row, near the orchestra, looked over the pit—so that fearing to attract the eyes of the house towards us, I gave up the point, to put an end to the discussion; and sat down. Rousseau placed himself behind me—In a moment's time I observed that he moved his head forward between Monsieur de—, and me, in such a manner as to be seen. I told him of it, with great simplicity—an instant after he twice repeated the same motion, was perceived, and known—I heard several people say, looking at our box—it is Rousseau. Good God, cried I, they have seen you!—that is impossible, replied he drily. Nevertheless it was whispered in the pit from one

to another, but very softly, 'it is Rousseau'—'it is Rousseau'—and all eyes were fixed on our box—but there it ended—this little murmur died away, without any plaudit. The orchestra began the overture, Rousseau was forgotten, and the play only attended to. I again proposed lowering the grate, he replied very eagerly, that it was no longer of any use, "that was not my fault," replied I, "no, certainly," said he, with an ironical and forced smile. This reply hurt me very much, it was so very unjust. I was greatly vexed, and in spite of my inexperience, saw very clearly into the truth. I however flattered myself that this singular ill-humour would be quickly dissipated, and felt that I had better not appear to remark it—the curtain drew up, the play began—I was entirely taken up by the piece, which succeeded completely—the author was frequently called for; so that his success no longer remained doubtful, we left our box, Rousseau gave me his hand, his figure was even fearfully gloomy. I said the author ought to be very happy, and that we had passed a delightful evening, he answered not a word. I entered my carriage, Mr. de ——— got behind Rousseau to let him set next me, but turning back he told him he should not return with us, we both called out to him, Rousseau without replying, made his bow, and walked away.

The next day Mr. de Sauvigny having been charged by us to question him on this misunderstanding, was strangely surprised when Rousseau said to him, (his eyes sparkling with anger), that he never would see me again, because I had only taken him to the play, to shew him off to the public, as they do *wild beasts at a fair*. Mr. de Sauvigny replied, from what I had told him the night before, that it was my wish to have lowered the grate—Rousseau maintained that I had offered it but very feebly, and that besides my splendid dress, and the box I had chosen, proved clearly enough, that I never had the intention of concealing myself; it was in vain to repeat to him that my dress was nothing singular, and that a box *lent* to me, was not of my own choice—nothing would soften him, this recital provoked me so much, that I would not take the least step on my part to bring back a man who had been so unjust to me; besides I was convinced there was not the least sincerity in his complaints; the fact is, that in the hope of exciting a lively sensation he wished to be seen, and that his ill-humour was only caused by anger, at not having produced that effect. I have never seen him since. Two or three years since, having learned from Mademoiselle Thouin of the king's gardens, whose brother he often saw, that he was vexed that tickets were necessary to get into the garden de Monceaux which he was particularly fond of, I obtained for him the key of this garden, with permission to walk there every day, and at all hours of the day. I sent him this key by Madame Thomin—he thanked me and there I stopped, delighted at having done a thing which was agreeable to him, but never desiring to renew my intercourse with him.' VOL. II. P. 136.

After all, the greater part of these *souvenirs* are vastly insipid, and we are rather surprized that Madame de Genlis has been unable to store her memory with things better worth its retention. Besides they are sadly encumbered with her reflections with which we could very readily have dispensed, though we do not disapprove all of them equally. We have often yawned over the prosing *sentimentality* of her novels—but when the same species of tediousness is bestowed on the elucidation of matters of fact, it becomes quite insupportable. We could hardly force a smile through the languor which oppressed us, while travelling with her to the *amorous* town of Bury, the vale of sickly friendship at Llangollen, and the sentimental *Rosieres de Salency*. We do not, however, include in this censure, either the truly affecting anecdote of young *De Sercy*, or the pretty story of *Darmance and Herminie*. We have had occasion before now to mark the fantastical notions of virtue and religion, which we often meet in the sermons of this amiable lady; but have seldom witnessed a more ludicrous instance of this species of refinement, than in the story of M^{lle}. de L *** who (sweet pious creature) always carried the New Testament about with her to her *coteries*, quarrelled with her mother because she would not learn dancing, that she may not be asked to balls, and in order to make an *equal* division of her mother's effects with a sister who had been unjustly disinherited in her favour, broke in two a spoon of silver gilt. How extraordinary that a Frenchman can neither be virtuous, nor religious, nor learned, but *à tout outrage*!

We must not omit to add that full half the stories in this collection have been in general circulation for at least half a century, and that some which we have heard with pleasure in their original state are completely spoiled in their passage through Madame de Genlis's work-shop.

ART. IV.—*Seleno-topographische Fragmenten und Beobachtungen.*

Seleno-topographical Fragments and Observations with a View to an exact Description of the Surface of the Moon, the Changes to which she is liable, and the Nature of her Atmosphere; to which are subjoined Maps and Drawings. By Jerome Schroeter, formerly Grand Bailiff to the Elector of Hanover at Lilienthal, F.R.S. London, and Member of the Academy of Gottingen. Gottingen. 1806. 1 Vol. 4to. with 32 Engravings.

THE scientific world is already indebted to M. Schroeter

for an astronomical work of great value under the title of *Selenographia*, or a Description of the Moon, also accompanied with plates, and he has attracted considerable notice in this country by his recent account of the planet *Vesta* published in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

The work now ushered into notice under the modest title of *Fragments* is a continuation of the *Selenographia*, and contains the result of eleven years observations made subsequently to the publication of that work. The engravings in both volumes are executed by *Tischbein* a German artist of great celebrity, from original drawings by *M. Schroeter*. Among these embellishments of the present volume there are some views or rather *landscapes*, of particular districts in the moon, in which the most prominent objects are represented with such fidelity that they may perhaps serve as landmarks to future astronomers. *M. Schroeter's* former observations were made with two *Herschel* telescopes, the one four feet and the other seven; in the investigations, however, which form the subject of the present *Fragments* he had the advantage of instruments of greater power. His apparatus on the occasion of his last observations consisted of two reflecting telescopes made by *Schrader* a German optician, the one 7 feet and the other 12; a ten feet telescope by *Dolland*, and other reflectors of ten, thirteen, and even twenty-seven feet; this last was remarkable for a great distinctness in the vision and considerable magnifying power. The whole of these instruments were presented by his Britannic majesty to the university of *Göttingen* and *M. Schroeter* has evinced his gratitude for this mark of royal munificence by dedicating his present volume to his sovereign.

He divides his *Fragments* into four sections; in the first he presents his readers with some new observations and topographical descriptions of some remarkable plains in the southern hemisphere of the moon. In the second we find observations upon other plains situated in the northern hemisphere. The third section contains new details upon several places already partially described. The fourth section contains general remarks and conjectures upon the construction of the moon and upon its atmosphere.

Throughout the whole of the work, however fanciful the theory may appear to some readers, we may trace the hand of genius in the novelty of *M. Schroeter's* remarks, while his lunar topography is delineated with care and precision. In the outset of his work he observes that the life of man is not of sufficient duration to enable him to examine the whole visible lunar hemisphere, and he modestly acknowledges that he has left much to future investigators. He has aimed at giving his own observations with such clearness and accuracy that they may be verified by less skilful astronomers than himself, he has

set down the exact time and epoch of each observation, and minutely described every accessory circumstance of the moment, such as the libration of the moon, the precise limits of her luminous rays, and her diameter, together with the magnifying power of the astronomical instrument employed.

It must be confessed that the means within his reach were of the most ample kind: his thirteen and twenty-seven feet reflectors magnified two and three thousand times and even more; but finding that he gained in point of clearness in the image in most of his observations when he used eye-glasses of less power, he preferred an eye-glass which magnified 130 times for his thirteen feet telescope, and an eye-glass of 180 for his seven and twenty feet instrument.

In order to give an idea of the first three sections, which contain in 28 chapters a very precise description of some particular regions of the moon, we shall present our readers with the following analysis.

The author informs us that in order to examine the surface of the moon with advantage, he confined his inquiries to very small portions of the planet at a time which were illuminated under a very small angle of light. In this way he frequently discovered incomparably more with glasses of small power than with the most powerful instruments when taking observations under much larger angles of illumination, i. e. when the rays of the sun arrive under a greater altitude at any given point in the moon.

It may sometimes happen that one astronomer does not see objects in the same light as another, although their instruments and the other circumstances were precisely similar: this does not always arise from the effects of the different angles of illumination under which the object is discovered, and the very different reflexions which frequently result: but may also be ascribed to the accidental variations of the atmosphere of the moon, which are very frequent, or to other causes which must be investigated by actual observations of the planet itself. It has also more than once happened that M. Schroeter himself saw objects quite differently at one time and at another, and sometimes even he lost sight of them altogether, although he employed instruments of the greatest magnifying power. He cites as an example of this anomaly, an observation upon the spot of *Gassendi* which he has represented by two drawings of different dates. He remarks a great number of these accidental variations observed at various points in the moon's disk, and takes occasion to offer some conjectures which are perhaps worthy of being repeated.

On the 1st Nov. 1791, for instance, he saw the crater which forms the centre of *Possidonium* under the appearance of a tolerably uniform circular plain of a greyish colour, without

any darker shade, while the seven craters surrounding it were very deeply shaded. Next day in the evening the same object, seen with the same telescope, shewed itself as a profound crater, with obscure shades, although if it could have been judged by the direction of the solar rays upon this part of the moon, the shadows ought to have appeared longer and stronger that evening than the day before. Nothing but an accidental cause could have altered the apparent form of the crater in twenty-four hours, whether we attribute this accident to a change in the atmosphere of the moon or to a fermentation in its interior, or to the actions of some animated beings who inhabit it.

In this same region of Possidonius, M. Schroeter saw with the greatest precision on the 4th of June 1794, in a clear and calm day five new objects: whether these were new craters, or chains of mountains which he had not seen before, he never observed them since.

On the other hand, he could not recognize with the twenty-seven feet telescope the crater which he had previously and repeatedly observed with the seven feet telescope; this he attributes to a variation in the atmosphere of the moon. He also observed with a thirteen feet reflector a new production which unexpectedly appeared in a very distinct manner, in a crater on the 6th of February 1797, although in the course of nine years of anterior observations made with the best instruments, he had never discovered the least trace of such a phenomenon. This new production had in all probability made its appearance between the 12th of October 1796 and the 6th of February 1797. Subsequent to this last period, it had generally been visible under very different and sometimes unfavourable angles of illumination; and yet other variable appearances were exhibited, particularly subsequent to the 4th of July 1797, at which period this new crater was confounded in a mass of atmospheric fermentation and perhaps new eruptions ensued.

In order to render more sensible the different forms under which the various objects in the moon may present themselves to the astronomical observer, and according to the accidental variations of the atmosphere of this planet, the author represents the landscape around Lilienthal the place of his residence as seen from the moon, in the month of July, when the inhabitants of these environs burn the wrack off their fields and when a thick smoke is spread over the ground. An observer placed in the moon at this period would see a gray envelop extended over that part of the north of Germany, an appearance which would not take place under any other circumstances. M. Schroeter is of opinion that the crater of Possidonius as already mentioned having appeared gray on the 1st of November, and of an obscure black next day may be ascribed to similar circumstances. In this former volume he had spoken of a great

number of luminous points in the obscure hemisphere of the moon, subject to variations which had not for their only cause the differences in the reflection of the light of the earth. All these facts have now been confirmed by the help of great reflectors, and particularly in the luminous spots *Aristarchus*, *Manilius*, and *Menelaus*, in which the author has found at certain times distinct objects and at others has not been able to discover even the objects themselves. The following luminous appearances appear to be somewhat remarkable: on the 2nd April 1794 at eight o'clock in the evening the obscure part of the disk being very distinctly visible, M. Schroeter discovered near the western boundaries of the *sea of vapours* (*mare vaporum*) in opposition to the dull light of the other parts, a luminous point extremely brilliant, which equalled a fixed star in lustre, and which the author had never perceived at that particular spot. It was evident at the first glance that this light could not have been reflected from the earth, and in fact in half an hour or less this brilliant point vanished so completely that it could no longer be recognized, and the author frequently afterwards conjectured that it no longer existed in the same place, but a similar point shewed itself towards the west. The kind of meteor which thus vanished is an appendage to the phenomenon observed long before in the spot of Plato in the Alps of the moon, when upon the 26th of Sept. 1788, M. Schroeter feebly discerned a similar luminous point, and found that it began to be less and less discernible until it disappeared, nor did he see it again for twelve years. This former phenomenon in the Alps of the moon may have been the effect of a very active effort of nature, and the new phenomenon which happened in the milder temperature of the sea of vapours may rather be considered as the effect of a voluntary or involuntary action of the inhabitants of the moon. An illumination at London; a city on fire; the flashes of gunpowder from a besieged fortress, seen from the moon with M. Schroeter's reflectors would present a spectacle similar to these luminous evanescent appearances seen from the earth upon the surface of its satellite. The *Sea of the Crisis*, in particular, which is one of the most remarkable places upon the surface of the moon is thickly strewed with luminous points which seem to belong to a plain abounding in asperities natural or artificial.

Besides several high mountains, the exact measurements of which are here given, the author has discovered in several places of the moon, for instance in *Possidonius*, small elevations which are nearly fifty feet in height and even less; an innumerable quantity of similar asperities is also to be found at a small distance from *Marius*. These eminences are not constantly visible and their form is variable. Here M. Schroeter in our humble opinion has exhibited more boldness in his conjectures than is consistent with sound philosophy or warranted

even by his own astronomical experience. These eminences, he tells us, are not always natural productions; they are perhaps the effect of *Selenitic* industry.

'A city or a forest upon the surface of our globe viewed at rising or setting sun, through an atmosphere equally transparent with that of the moon, with long shadows projected from different salient points, would present to a distant observer, a miniature similar to what is seen in the moon, and would assume the appearance of an eminence; a similar projection of a human residence may appear equally changeable with other lunar appearances, according to the time of the year or hour of the day when they were observed. Thus from my own residence, which is three miles and a half distant from Hamburgh, I can observe with my glass the moment at which the fires are lighted in that city, in order to boil their tea-kettles; the shadow then produced in the atmosphere resembling in its projection a real mountain.'

There is something peculiarly fanciful in the attempt of M. Schroeter to ascertain by implication, the hour at which the inhabitants of the moon make use of their tea kettles; and there are readers who would pronounce our German astronomer to have been planet-stricken when he committed some of his lucubrations to paper: the good sense, however, which reigns throughout the work in general, and the high reputation of M. Schroeter as an astronomer, are ample pledges that his design is to instruct and not to amuse.

In the *sea of vapours* near Plato, and in other places, M. Schroeter discovered deep furrows or a kind of long narrow valley resembling a canal. This phenomenon extends for 70 geographic miles into the *sea of vapours*. We are acquainted with no sublunary valley of so great a length. It is somewhat singular that this valley stretches over inequalities of mountains and craters in such a manner that the upper ridge of these eminences is intersected by the furrow or valley in question. Can this be a production of nature or of the free agency of animated beings? Such is the question put by M. Schroeter to his readers, and his observations seem to place it beyond a doubt that the moon has not at its surface any fluid so dense as the water of our earth; and he has also apparently demonstrated that his favourite planet has no considerable rivers nor natural basins which serve to contain water, as in this sublunary world; but it does not follow from all this that the moon is a chalky body entirely dry; these long vallies or canals may perhaps contain rivers which have the same relative density to the subtle atmosphere of the moon, that is observed between water and our terrestrial atmosphere. Thus in a certain sense we may say that the moon has its rivers *Plata* and *Amazon*. Throughout these

lunar Alps, (a chain of mountains equally continuous with those of Europe) we find the valley or furrow above mentioned stretching like a narrow pass as if a violent convulsion of nature had cleft the mountains in a straight line.

In the fourth section, which contains observations upon the structure of the moon, the first chapter treats of the eminences and depression of that planet, and of its craters and vallies in general. The highest mountains, as the author had formerly estimated, are five times higher than the mountains of our globe, keeping in view the relative diameters of the two planets. The highest mountains of Venus and Mercury are with respect to the mountains in the moon, nearly in the proportion of the relative diameters of these planets. The greatest height, according to the former observations of M. Schroeter, was to be met with in some peaks of the chains of mountains known by the name of *Leibnitz* and *Dorfelsh* towards the south pole of the moon, and in the eastern parts of the southern hemisphere in the mountains *D'Alembert* and *De Rook*. The height of the latter is from 24 to 25,000 feet, and none so high have been as yet observed in the northern hemisphere. The eclipses of the sun, afford opportunities of observing directly the vertical altitudes of the mountains of the moon which are exhibited upon its obscure edge. An observation in these circumstances succeeded with the author at the time of the great eclipse of the sun, Sept. 1793. Immediately after its commencement he observed some summits of mountains projecting from the edge of the moon's disk, which, in their vertical height alone and in the extent to which they were seen (for the lower extremities were lost in obscurity) must have been 3,000 geographical miles high. During this remarkable eclipse, Herschel also discovered two summits of mountains which were projected upon the edge of the sun. The spherical form of the moon projected upon this edge was remarked by M. Schroeter and by all his pupils with the utmost precision; at the distance of one minute from the limb what was observable of this spherical form gradually disappeared: a phenomenon which M. Schroeter endeavours to account for in another place by remarking that the light of the earth was considerably increased by the solar penumbra and by the crepusculum.

The depth of some craters of certain hollows which are not circular, extends, according to the author, to the depth of three quarters of a mile. A short distance from the high mountain *Rook*, we find a hollow called *Christopher Milius*, the vertical depth of which is at least 15 or 16,000 feet. The Chimborazo, of our globe might be wholly swallowed up in this cavity. Craters in general are formed by eruptions from the interior; they are empty basins, from which the mass that surrounds them in the form of a ring has been vomited; but in the moon

there are cavities of another kind, such as those of *Milius* and others already named, presenting irregularities of a circular form in the edges of the moon, between the interstices of which we can see the clear sky; there are some parts in the moon which are sunk by some powers of nature, vallies hollowed out not merely upon the surface of that planet but dug as it were into its mass; i. e. greatly below its mean surface. The fixed stars we perceive in the vicinity of these hollows of the moon, may for this reason appear sooner or later by a few seconds in their emersions or immersions, than when they exist opposite those portions of the edge which are not irregular. The author by referring to these sinuosities, ingeniously accounts for the pretended hole, which in the total eclipse of the sun on the 14th of June 1778 was observed by admiral Ulloa. There could not possibly have been a volcano in the moon at that period, for it would have thrown out so glaring a light that the luminous point must necessarily have been perceived in the black glass of the telescope upon the moon's disk. But the sun, when seen through a similar fissure, must have appeared as if seen through a hole, in the event of the direction of the fissure being oblique to that of the luminous ray. M. Schroeter, therefore, upon remarking that this fissure exists in the lunar region where the observation of Ulloa was made, and that it exists in that place alone, gave it the name of the above admiral. M. Schroeter proceeds to draw the following inferences.

'The greatest eminences of 25,000 feet and upwards, and the deepest hollows of three quarters of a geographical mile in depth, are situated in the southern part of the moon; hence we may conclude from actual observations that in the moon, as upon the earth and in the planets Venus and Mercury, the southern hemisphere is generally the most unequal and irregular.

'As the gravitation at the surface of the moon is only, according to theory, about one fifth of that which takes place on the earth, we may say that, with regard to the relative diameters of the two planets, the mountains of the moon are five times higher than those of the earth, as has been already remarked.

'In our globe earthquakes are extremely rare, and still more rarely do they produce complete eruptions, such as islands or new mountains: the solid mass of the earth opposing too much resistance to these formations. It is otherwise with the moon, where the gravity is five times less and where explosive effects always meet with less opposition; thence it follows that the whole surface of the moon is almost always in a state of revolution; explosions, earthquakes and other convulsions follow each other in dreadful successions. New objects appear and vanish almost while the astronomer has his eye at his telescope. Hence proceeds that innumerable heap of craters, the second formation encroaching upon the first,

the third effacing the two former, while at each eruption the preceding one is overwhelmed even before it has attained its destination.'

Our readers will at once perceive the total discrepancy between this terrific description of the revolutions of the lunar world, and the fantastic idea attempted to be inculcated by M. Schroeter that there are animated beings, with houses, palaces, cathedrals and tea-kettles in the moon, as well as upon our planet. All these creatures of our astronomer's imagination must indeed be *sui generis*.

The fourth chapter of the second section, is filled with inquiries into the atmosphere of the moon, its morning and evening crepusculum, the height and density of the air in that planet, &c. The author in his former volume had placed beyond a doubt the existence of an atmosphere which had been denied, to that planet, he had mentioned a number of appearances in which some objects, in other respects identical, had appeared sometimes under one form and at other times under another; while sometimes they were not visible at all: he had proved that this atmosphere of the moon, although much more subtle and transparent than ours, had the power of weakening in a remarkable manner, the light of the sun descending under the lunar horizon; at which period the summits of some mountains, being in this light on the obscure side of the moon, visibly threw out a lustre so much the more brilliant, as they were more distant from the edge of illumination, i. e. projected farther forward into the obscure part of the disk. All this however only gave rise to a conjecture as to a real refraction of the rays of light, whence there resulted a crepusculum upon the moon; but M. Schroeter has now converted this conjecture into a certainty by the observations contained in the present work. He has demonstrated not only that there is a crepusculum in the moon, but that we may measure the extent of it, as well as the thickness and density of the layers of the fluid which occasion it. The first complete observations were made by M. Schroeter upon this subject on the 24th February 1792 in the twilight of that night; the moon being then two days and a half old. With a Herschel telescope of seven feet, and magnifying 74 times only, he discovered in the obscure part of the moon some places illuminated with a dull greyish light, very near to other obscure parts which did not become visible until some time afterwards; a heavy and evidently crepuscular lustre enlightened the confines of the obscure edge of the planet, stretching into the points of its two horns, and this lustre spread out in the form of a pyramid, the summit of which was insensibly confounded with the light sent from the earth into the obscure part of the moon. The projection of this shining part was then 1' 10" in length and 2" in breadth.

He then concludes that this crepusculum of the moon can be better observed two or three days before and after the new moon, and in spring and autumn during the short crepuscula of the earth, and the greatest height of the moon in the horizon. Our author therefore fixed upon the moment of the smallest elongations of the moon, 28 hours and a half after its being renewed with a twenty-seven feet reflector. Hevelius had not been able to observe the moon until at least 40 hours after the conjunction. By a geometrical process M. Schroeter estimated the extent of the lunar crepusculum, according to the distance comprehended between the limits of this crepusculum and the point of the horns, and he found by several observations that it extends over an arc of $2\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of the moon's circumference. Or rather taking the medium of twenty-two observations made during eight years, he estimates this extent more exactly at $2^{\circ} 38' 56''$ but it sometimes amounted to $3^{\circ} 6' 44''$. Several favourable circumstances must combine in order to observe this appearance. The author has sometimes perceived it merely in the prolongation of one of the two horns; at other times it was invisible, because apparently there were mountains which intercepted the light.

There remained a doubt whether this crepuscular light was or was not a consequence of the penumbra, or perhaps the effect of the immediate reflection of the solar rays, by means of some greyish plains in the moon. The author endeavours to resolve this doubt in a manner which sets at defiance the possibility of any illusion. Upon the whole it is proper to say of this chapter upon the lunar atmosphere, that it contains the result of many years fatiguing observations, which will hand down the name of M. Schroeter as an honour to the age in which he lived.

If we adopt, in the calculation of these observations, the same principles by which La Hire has determined the height of our terrestrial atmosphere, by extending to 38,000 feet the height at which the atmosphere ceases to reflect the light in a sensible manner, or to 34,500, if the limit of refraction is in question, we find that the analogous limit in the atmosphere of the moon rises only 1,404 feet, according to the maximum of extent observed by M. Schroeter, namely, $3^{\circ} 6' 44''$. But this height is solely that of the lunar crepusculum visible to us. The author estimates at 78 feet, the height of the strata of the lunar air which may occasion a crepusculum upon the same planet. From these data the author has theoretically enquired what ought to be the relative density of the atmosphere of the earth and of the moon, and he has found that the atmosphere of the latter ought to be 29 times less dense than ours, and at the moment when the work was put to press, Dr. Melanderhielm of Stockholm, wrote to M. Schroeter

that he had ascertained that the density of the atmosphere of two planets, should in general be as the square of the power of gravitation at their surface; now according to Newton, the gravity at the surface of the moon is to the same power upon the earth as 2,83 : 15, 10, or as 1 to 5,33. according to this theorem, the density of the air of the moon should therefore be as the square of 5,33, or 28,40 times less than that of the air of the earth; this differs very little from the result incontestably found by M. Schroeter after a most fatiguing and intricate train of experiments.

According to the same principles we ought to find the refraction at the surface of the moon to be 28 or 29 times less than at the surface of the earth.

M. Schroeter applies his discoveries upon the lunar atmosphere to the occultations of stars by this satellite. As the height of the inferior strata of the air, which can still break the rays of light in a manner sensible to us, does not exceed 648 yards, a quantity which viewed from the earth, only passes from the edge of the moon $0''\ 36$ of a second, the weakening of the light of a fixed star entering into this atmosphere could not, if it were sensible, be perceived except during a quarter of a second, the time which the moon takes to travel $\frac{36}{1000}$ of a second of a degree in her orbit. Now the lustre of stars of the first, second, and third magnitude, is too strong to admit of our observing any diminution for so short a period. If it be a planet which undergoes the occultation, its diminution of light on arriving at the disk, may proceed from the graduated occultation of its apparent diameter. This system agrees with twenty occultations described in detail by the author.

The most brilliant fixed stars, and the planets exhibit no diminution of light in this case; it is only remarked from time to time in the minute stars, not visible to the naked eye, and these last only undergo this obscuring of their light, when by chance they come out or enter opposite to the summit of a mountain of mean altitude, when the air of the moon, less dense, cannot any longer cause any sensible refraction of the rays coming from the star. There may be exceptions when the star which *enters*, corresponds to the declivity of a very high mountain; and entering also obliquely, it seems to lose its light gradually; a diminution which, according to the author's observations, in a certain case (the only one of the kind), may be remarked during seven or eight seconds. On this occasion which furnishes a kind of micro metrical measurement applicable to the fixed stars, the author found their diameter very small. The diameter of Aldebaran, according to the time employed in its immersion upon the edge of the moon, appeared to him to be

between $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ of a second, the diameter of the star 30, and the Pisces 33, appeared to be more than $\frac{1}{4}$ th of a second. The other fixed stars suddenly disappeared, without the phenomenon having any sensible duration.

In the third chapter of the fourth section, M. Schroeter gives a kind of recapitulation. To this chapter an engraving is attached, which exhibits in a distinct manner the relation of the vertical height of the densest atmosphere of the moon, with the height of the mountains of that planet, which have been measured, and with the depth of the craters, and other cavities or hollows. In the first figure of this plate, are represented the lowest chains of mountains, 16 or 18 yards high; on the second, the mountains with circular edges containing a plain or a crater; in the third, the higher mountains placed above some mountains with circular edges; in the fourth, the central mountains or those which are seen in the midst of craters of mountains, with circular edges; in the fifth, the other isolated mountains from 50 to 25,000 feet of vertical height, the craters and other cavities of the moon, from 602 to 50,80 yards in depth. All these particulars are represented upon the same scale on which 200 yards correspond to a decimal line. The same table contains comparisons between the highest mountains of the moon, and those of the earth, Venus, and Mercury; with the references between the altitudes of the crepuscular strata of the moon, the earth and Venus. We see at a single glance, according to this table that the craters and the fissures of the edges, are for the most part proportionally deeper, according as the atmosphere is higher, and that consequently the air of the moon must attain a certain maximum of density in their interior; moreover that the accidental variations of the atmosphere cannot take place, except in the region of the lower mountains of the moon, and not at the summits of the high chains; these last being far above the densest strata. In fact, the author has most frequently observed these accidental variations in the lower regions; as, for instance, in the sea of the Crises, in Cleomedes Possidonium, Gassendi, &c. In this atmospherical constitution of trifling density, we ought not to be astonished if there be continually developed so many fermentable matters from the interior of the moon, and if we see no atmospherical productions like our clouds, and none of those regular easterly or westerly winds which we find upon our own earth, and upon Venus, Mars, and perhaps Saturn. The atmosphere of the moon seems in general to be too subtle for the existence of any winds which can be properly so called. Slight atmospherical vapours alone always cover some low and contracted plains,

and in all cases those which constitute the inferior level of the moon.

The number of new objects perceived by the author on the moon's disk, rendered it necessary for him to make considerable additions to the nomenclature of the spots in that planet. He has retained the whole of the ancient names, and to the newly discovered eminences he has applied names of celebrity in modern science. Among these we find the names of Kæstner, and Lichtenberg, applied to two new mountains in the moon, an honour conferred upon their memory which is literally

'Ære perennius.'

ART.V.—*Versuch über eine allgemeine anwendbare Mimisk, &c.*

Inquiry respecting a universally practicable System of Symbols for the Use and Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.
By J. M. Weinberger. 1 Vol. 4to. Vienna. 1807.

THE progress made in the instruction of the deaf and dumb throughout Europe, has been from time to time laid before the public, by persons who have distinguished themselves as teachers of those unfortunate members of the community in their respective countries.

M. Weinberger, however, is the first German of modern days who has attained celebrity in this novel department of education; and, coming forward as he does with the sanction of fifteen years experience in watching and directing the progress of the human mind in persons born deaf and dumb, we consider his observations as entitled to be perused with favourable impressions. "Whatever may be your ultimate opinion of me and my work," says Montesquieu, "I beseech you, do not condemn after the perusal of a single day, what to me has been the labour of twenty years."

M. Weinberger, the author of the present treatise, is chief director of the institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb at Vienna, under the patronage of the emperor and his family. It has been customary for many years to examine in public the pupils, at the anniversary of the institution, and it was upon this occasion in October, 1807, that M. Weinberger delivered in an introductory discourse, the outlines of the improvements now laid before the public in a more authentic and regular form.

In every department of science, there are professors who

are the founders, a method of instruction peculiar to themselves; and it must be admitted that whether from the excellence of their favourite system, or from the zeal with which they pursue it, their pupils sometimes come into public life, with more appearances of proficiency, than those who have been hunted into the toils of learning *secundum artem*.

In every branch of education, however, it has been in the power of eminent teachers to bequeath to posterity something like a glimpse of the *formula* by which they obtained celebrity for themselves, by sending into the world better scholars, and better members of society, than their contemporaries. But the instruction now imparted to the deaf and dumb cannot boast of having derived any advantages from traditionary systems. Several causes may be suggested as having combined to occasion this want of information. We have melancholy proofs in the history of the world, that the unfortunate beings who seemed as if "*fruges consumere nati*," were generally left to perish in the deserts at an early stage of their infancy, or if they grew into manhood, they were allowed to be drifted down the stream of life, like a branch untimely withered from its parent tree. Until the introduction of Christianity, there were no asylums for suffering humanity, and even then, those who were afflicted with deficiencies in the organs of hearing or of sight, were consigned to an hospital for incurables, where no intellectual or manual exertion was expected, and where the unfortunate inhabitants descended to the grave unpitied and unknown. This is not the only cause, however, of the scantiness of our materials, upon which to found a system of instruction for the deaf and dumb. There is a difficulty attending their education, which personal experience and industry only can surmount. There are peculiarities in the structure of the organs of individuals in these unfortunate circumstances, to which no general rules can apply, and above all there must be a fitness in the habits and dispositions of the teacher himself, to place him beyond the reach of discomfiture.

After doing homage to the names of Sicard, de l'Épée and others who have signalized themselves as instructors of the deaf and dumb. M. Weinberger proceeds to speak of his own system. The greater part of his introductory matter consists of a recapitulation of what has been advanced by various authors upon the origin of language, and the author seems to have studied the theory of Monboddo with advantage.

Before saying a word more on the subject of M. Weinberger's work, it may be necessary to premise a few observations on the blunders committed by even the most intelligent teachers of the deaf and dumb.

The science is of course still in its infancy, nor has its character of novelty been yet sufficiently worn off to admit of its real and solid advantages being taken into the estimate by the bulk of mankind. Until within these very few years the deaf and dumb children of the opulent alone were the objects of this kind of culture; their teachers were necessarily compelled, perhaps to aim at producing a pupil, who could excite astonishment in his parents, by an unmeaning garrulity, while his mind was neglected; a block was given them, out of which they might have hewed a man, and they returned a talking-bird in his stead.

Sicard, de l' Epee, and even our scientific countryman Braidwood, have all fallen into the same error; if they taught their pupils to utter a monotonous jargon, resembling the human speech, they thought their task executed; if the objects of their care exhibited any symptoms of ratiocination, they were indebted for them to the secret workings of nature, and not to the skill of their teachers. Abbé de l' Epee, even went so far as to exhibit his pupils in a musical orchestra, where each had his instrument assigned him! A philosopher when he witnesses an exhibition of dancing dogs, learned pigs, or wonderful ponies, may perhaps admire the art of their master, or smile at their docility, but a public exhibition of our unfortunate fellow creatures, performing the parts of mere automata is a *spectacle* which we hope will never be transferred from the meridian of Paris to that of London.

In extenuation of this buffoonery it may be stated that something like "caviare to the multitude," was necessary in the infancy of an institution, which promised to do so much for the destitute part of the community; and that unless some palpable and striking novelty was exhibited, the popular feelings could not be brought to bear in its behalf. Whatever weight this argument is entitled to, the basis of it now ceases to exist; but the absurdity of teaching the deaf to emit sounds totally destitute of the melody or intonation of the most uncouth speaker who enjoys his organs of hearing in perfection, has not yet been apparent.

Forcibly impressed with similar considerations, M. Weinberger has boldly denounced the folly and inutility of instructing the deaf and dumb to express themselves by the articulation of the mouth, and has reverted to the language of symbols, as the only practicable method of instructing his pupils. In his practice of this system, he describes his success as having been unbounded, and his pupils have become useful members of the community, in a much shorter time than those of any other teacher of the same art.

He introduces the account of his own improvements, by

modestly ascribing them to the analogy suggested by the Chinese language. The following extract will shew the manner in which the subject has been taken up by M. Weinberger.

‘ The characters used by the Chinese, which have so frequently occupied the attention of the learned, and on which the recent English embassy to China has thrown so much light, are entirely original, and exhibit the extraordinary ingenuity of that singular people.

When we compare the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian priesthood, the writing of the Mexicans who informed Montezuma of the arrival of the Spaniards by means of a piece of cloth, and the conventional signs of the Peruvians with each other, it must still be admitted that the Chinese characters are far superior in every respect. What can be a more welcome benefit to the deaf and dumb, than a copious language which, like the Chinese, is completely independent of every thing connected with sound, and merely founded upon the visible and tangible objects of nature ?

‘ Barrow, in his account of the Chinese embassy, gives us an idea of the copiousness of the language of China, when he informs us that “ every new article brought from Europe since the Europeans visited China, receives a Chinese name, and loses the name it bears among those who originally brought it to that country. Even the names of countries, nations, and single persons, are altered and translated into the Chinese language.”

‘ The Chinese write and speak in a different manner, and the deaf and dumb generally make use of signs entirely different from those used in writing. According to Kempelen there are only twenty sounds throughout the whole of the European languages, which with variations are capable of making forty-four. The Chinese, however, have 212 radical signs, each of which expresses a distinct idea. The Chinese characters are wholly composed of straight and crooked lines and points, from which 80,000 different words may be written, and some of these consist of 60 and 70 strokes or points.

‘ These 212 keys or radicals of the Chinese may be compared with cyphers, which have not the slightest connection with the sounds attached to them, they may either be used singly or united with other parts of speech. The mode of this union, points out the meaning of the character, and this art of composing or decomposing the various signs is as unalterable as the conventional terms used in algebra. The character, for example, which stands for *night*, consists of radicals, the first means *darkness*, the second to *hide*, and the third *mankind*, and implies that *darkness hides mankind*. In the same way the symbol for the *hand* is a radical : in the Chinese vocabulary we find placed opposite to this word, the names of all the various trades and manufactures in which the

labour of the hands is required ; under the word *heart* also, we find all the feelings, passions and sentiments of the mind.

Every distinct character, therefore, is not only a word, but a definition which conveys the whole of its meaning in visible signs, but which may always be expressed in a single syllable. Of this precise description are the symbols, used by the deaf and dumb in their efforts to render themselves intelligible, and they proceed exactly in the same way as the Chinese. The metaphor is a favourite figure with both. When a deaf and dumb person wishes to be clearly understood, he makes a kind of drawing or picture of the idea he wishes to convey. He endeavours to characterize the occurrence by the form, colour, and motion in which it appeared to him. There are of course many concomitant circumstances which he will overlook in his description, from their not appearing to him of sufficient moment. The picture he attempts to draw of his thoughts cannot be expected to boast of so much universality as our oral language ; but how often do we deceive ourselves by not communicating our ideas in language sufficiently copious, and believing that a few signs are sufficient to convey the most complex proposition ?

When a deaf and dumb person speaks of an individual, we hear him detail the circumstances, and the occasion on which he met with this individual with the utmost precision of which he is capable.

A teacher of the deaf and dumb must therefore turn his attention to the best method of impressing upon his pupils, the method of describing their ideas by signs. He must continually place before their eyes, and rivet in their memories, the symbols by which they are to relate the occurrences which befall them, or to communicate their ideas, and he must accustom them to use their symbols with logical precision. Upon the entrance of a new deaf and dumb pupil into the institution, the rest of the pupils should be assembled around him, and they ought to be directed to shew him all the signs and pictures exhibited in the room. After this, the oldest among the scholars must be desired to suggest a name by which the new pupil is to be known in future. Each scholar will then bring a sign or symbol by which the new comer is to be known, and his name will be fixed according to the majority of votes. A teacher ought never to allow an opportunity of this kind to pass without exercising the faculties of his pupils in this way, and he will be surprized at the acuteness displayed by them individually in inventing names or symbols.

We have before intimated that M. Weinberger has invented a system of symbols of his own ; these he has illustrated by an engraving, which he calls a *hand alphabet*. In this the chief novelty seems to be that instead of expressing letters only, by a certain position of the fingers, M. Weinberger has aimed at communicating words, and even sentences.

ART. VI.—*Meine Reise durch England, &c.*

Travels in England, by Daniel Collenbach. 1 Vol. 8vo. Gotha. 1807.

THE author of these Travels is the editor of one of the philosophical journals of Germany, and visited this country a few years ago, for the purpose of carrying back with him some of our improvements in the arts and manufactures.

The work has but slender claims to the perusal of the readers of travels in general, from the author having confined his observations to the dry detail of subjects interesting to his countrymen only.

The following description of English porter, however, will perhaps amuse, if not instruct some of our readers.

‘Those who are in the habit of drinking English beer, never fail to experience a certain degree of exaltation in the blood. An honest German who knows no better, will tell us that this effect is owing to the good quality of the malt and hops made use of by the English.

‘Persons who drink English porter at night generally complain next morning of a heaviness in the head, and sometimes of the whole body; they have no relish for their ordinary or even favourite occupations; but these evils are tolerated because an idea is entertained that they have been drinking some strengthening liquor. Beer is drunk in the morning with an idea of forcing the stomach to perform its functions: the appetite is perhaps cloyed with it and head-ache supervenes. Several persons cannot drink a glass of English beer without becoming intoxicated or experiencing some other inconveniences: all this, however, is disregarded. The taste for this beverage is so prevalent that numerous breweries have been established in Germany for producing a similar liquor.

‘I do not intend to discuss here which is the best beverage for moistening the mouth and throat, or for giving the necessary humidity to the animal economy: there would be little difficulty in proving that strong beer excites instead of allaying thirst, and consequently increases the necessity for moisture: but I intend to present my readers with an observation of a different description.

‘Having paid particular attention to the breweries when in England, I have uniformly found, after a chemical analysis, that the English porter most agreeable to all palates is that which contains most opium.

‘Upon my return to Germany, I also examined the beer made by our brewers by the name of English porter, and I found it contained the same dangerous substance.

‘The Germans from their manner of life must suffer considerably from the effects of opium. The English, accustomed to eat great quantities of meat, few vegetables, and to drink abundance of spiritu-

ous liquors will always be able to drink more, and for a longer continuance, than their German neighbours. Notwithstanding this, however, I think I could easily prove that the quantity of opium thus swallowed is the cause of the melancholy of the English, and of their disposition to commit suicide.'

There is so much patriotism, good sense, and even tolerably lively description in the following comparative view of the present state of agriculture in Great Britain and in Germany, that we trust it will be equally acceptable to our readers with the above extract.

'It is not,' says this honest German, 'from a servile love of imitation that I wish to convince my countrymen that their agriculture has not yet been brought to perfection, and that there are many ameliorations still wanting in their rural and domestic œconomy.'

'I am well aware that the soil and climate of England, considered generally, differs much from ours. It is certain, however, that many of the English discoveries, and their methods of cultivation, are unknown or at least not imitated among us, although quite prevalent with them. Nevertheless, we are not exempt from the mania of imitation in frivolous matters.'

'Although it is my object to render myself useful to the German œconomists by making them acquainted with the rural œconomy of England, I am far from asserting that the English have attained the highest perfection in cultivation. I know on the contrary that impartial English farmers complain of the ignorance of agriculture, which prevails throughout some of their own districts, and I know also that there are corners in Germany where their rural œconomy is not behind the English, nay even surpasses it in many respects. For instance, the feeding of cattle within doors is an important improvement of German origin.'

'It must be admitted that in England there exists a certain rural œconomy carried to a high degree of perfection, and which surpasses every thing we know on the subject. In that country the cultivation is modified and practised according to the quality and exposure of the soil. The principles upon which rural œconomy is founded are no where so well appreciated, and so well connected together as in England. In fact, agriculture is reduced to a regular system, composed of all the other sciences. No other science can give rise to more observations respecting all nations and all periods, no science excites more interest, and recompences activity and talents more quickly: it reciprocally gives and receives advantages from natural history, chemistry, botany, and the veterinary art. A well educated economist should scrupulously examine into local customs, raise himself above vulgar prejudices and decide for himself upon what is most likely to attain the object he has in view.'

'The large estates in England generally belong to the noblemen, the clergy, and a few to the crown. Some rich families, however, have acquired considerable estates: these last are

freeholders, when they possess their lands without paying any ground rent, but if the proprietors of lands are vassals of the crown, of the clergy, or of a nobleman, and consequently obliged to pay ground rent, however trifling, they are called copyholders. He who has but a small property which he cultivates himself, is a yeoman. If the estate be somewhat extensive and the proprietor in easy circumstances, he is then a country gentleman or squire. The proprietor of a house and garden, or a day labourer, is called a cottager. The rural economy is principally directed by farmers and every estate is divided into farms.

The following character of the English farmers is perhaps overstrained, and the conclusion of the passage betrays something like the *sentimentality* of a German novel-writer.

'The country life affords a great variety of enjoyments and conveniences, and men easily conform to it because it is the life pointed out to them by nature. The man of learning, the peer, and the rich merchant, all become farmers; but never is a rich farmer seen to quit his ground to mingle in gay society, or to open a warehouse for merchandize.

'I never leave the house of a person where I see that his whole style of living is founded upon appearances, but I weep for human frailty, which purchases at so high a rate the appearance of happiness and repose. Such considerations seem to justify the opinion that education and the culture of the sciences expand the mind only to render us unhappy.'

There is perhaps more truth in the following remark of M. Collenbach.

'It is doubtless the prodigality of the rich proprietors which has most contributed to the amelioration of agriculture. After having perhaps squandered their revenues by anticipation for several years, they find themselves haunted by their creditors, and go down to their estates accompanied by an experienced surveyor and increase the rents as much as possible. If the farmers cannot or will not pay what is demanded there are plenty of more active or more speculative persons at hand, who know how to double and even treble the produce of the farms.

'The gentlemen farmers are generally rich and enlightened men. They apply themselves to rural economy from choice, and they take a pride in being the first to make new experiments and to propagate their results. The richest landholders find their interest in affording every facility to the adoption of the improvements thus suggested; and in this manner the rural economy has been carried to the highest degree of perfection in some provinces of England. Every endeavour is made by repeated trials, and by periodical works, to the communication of ideas and of experiments, which are finally examined and recommended by societies of agriculture.

'In these societies the lower class of farmers and the rich proprie-

fors associate indiscriminately with the peer and the prince, and their conversation is entirely occupied for the time with the prosperity of their pigs and oxen.

Not a word is to be found in the whole volume on the subject of English literature, but M. Collenbach attempts to enlighten his countrymen with a dissertation on English eating-houses, a subject on which he seems to be at home. He makes one or two awkward blunders, however, when speaking of this branch of our domestic economy. The sign of the lamb, for instance, he mistakes for an intimation that lamb is only to be had in perfection at the house to which it is appended. According to this logic, Saracen's heads, Green Men, and Red Lions must occasionally grace the *tables de hôte* of the lower classes of Englishmen.

ART. VII.—*Retratos e bustos dos Varoes e Donas, que illustraram a nação Portuguezã, &c.*

Lives and Portraits of Heroes and Heroines, who have done Honour to the Portuguese Nation, by their Virtues, Learning, or Talents. Inscribed to the Portuguese People, by a Society of Patriots. No. I. to X. Lisbon, 1807 and 1808.

THIS work bears some resemblance to one which was lately translated from the Danish, entitled 'Great and good Deeds of illustrious Danes;' but there is rather more vivacity in the composition, and it will perhaps contribute more to the stock of amusement and information. The portraits accompanying each article are well executed, and we were about to pass a compliment upon the state of engraving in Portugal, when we discovered that they are indebted to Parisian artists for their merit. The drawings, however, are Portuguese, and mostly copied from originals by Cunha a painter of some eminence at Lisbon.

As a specimen of the manner in which the literary department of the work is executed, we shall select a few notices of eminent persons whose names are not familiar to an English reader.

'The infant Don Henry, fifth son of King John I. born 1394. This pious and gallant prince made war upon the Moors, with great success in 1415, and was made a chevalier of the order of Christ in the same year. This success inspired him with a fresh desire to attack the infidels. Some Moors or Jews from Ceuta having given him information respecting some distant and

hitherto-unexplored countries on the shores of Africa, and, having a passion for the mathematics, Don Henry formed the idea of visiting these regions with a view to the extension of his father's dominions, and to the propagation of the Catholic faith. He proceeded to Algarva, now the province of Porto, and there founded the city of Sagres, near Cape St. Vincent, thinking this to be a proper harbour from which to set sail. His first discovery was the island of Porto Santo, hence he proceeded to Madeira, the command of which he divided between John Gon-salez, Zarco, and Tristran Vas, who had previously discovered it. He signalized himself at the battle of Tangiers by fresh acts of va-lour, and gave a proof of the generosity of his heart, in offering to exchange places with his brother Don Ferdinand who was a prisoner in Africa. He devoted forty years of his subsequent life to navigation, during which he discovered several islands in the Atlantic, and Ethiopian seas. The zeal he manifested for learning, procured him from the university of Lisbon in 1460, the title of protector of learning in Portugal. He died on the 13th November of the same year. His statue is erected at the entrance of the church of Belem; his life has been written by Candidus Lusitanus.

Nuno Alvarez Pereira, surnamed the Portuguese Mars, and an illustrious branch of the house of Braganza, was born near Ceuta in 1360. In his early life he studied the belles lettres, but afterwards followed the profession of arms, in which he obtained the most brilliant success. He afterwards renounced his titles and command, and after dividing his property among his relations and the poor, he retired to the monastery of the Carmelites of Lisbon which he had founded. Here he gave himself up to penitence and prayer for a few years, when the king sent him once more upon an enterprize against the Moors, when he again signalized himself. He died in 1631 at the age of 71.

Don Pedro de Menezes, Count Viana. He accompanied John I. and his sons in 1415, to the conquest of Ceuta, on which occasion like the ancient heroes of Greece, he commanded five vessels armed at his own expence. The king held him in such esteem that he nominated him governor and Captain-general of Ceuta. After successfully repelling the attacks of the Moors for twenty-two years, he died in 1437 at Ceuta, and his body was brought to Santarem.

The infant Don Pedro fourth son of John I. was born at Lisbon in 1392, and distinguished himself at the conquest of Ceuta; he visited Jerusalem, and the holy land, was sumptuously entertained by the Grand sultan, and by the Soldan of Persia; and when at Rome, Pope Martin V. granted as a privilege that on the days of their coronation the kings of Portugal should be anointed, like those of France and England, and that the infants of the former kingdom should wear a royal crown. Don Pedro then proceeded to Germany, where he served under the emperor Sigismund against the Turks, and in Italy against the Venetians.

displaying great military skill on both occasions. Having afterwards visited England, Henry VI. conferred upon him the order of the garter. After having been four years absent he returned to Portugal by the way of Spain, and was elected regent of the kingdom during the minority of Alphonso V. On this occasion he conducted himself with great prudence, and refused to allow the Portuguese to erect a statue to him which they had decreed. His services and virtues, however, could not protect him from the calumny of his enemies, who were determined on his ruin. Don Alphonso Count Barcellos, his cousin, placed himself at their head, and succeeded in making the king treat him as a conspirator; he was accordingly banished from court, and ordered to retire to Coimbra. Don Pedro took up arms to defend himself against further injuries, and the king having sent troops against him, he was killed in battle 20th May, 1449, at the age of 56.

Don Edward Menezes, the third count of Viana, and natural son of Don Pedro Menezes, the first governor of Ceuta mentioned before. Don Edward distinguished himself by his valour against the Moors of Granada and of Africa. He was appointed governor of a fortress in the kingdom of Fez, where with 1500 men he defended himself against an immense Moorish army, and overthrew them in several engagements. He was killed in the act of saving the life of king Alphonso V. on the 20th of January, 1464, when 50 years of age. His body was cut in pieces by the Moors.

Our readers will perceive that a mere biographical outline is given in each article. Indeed the work may rather be called a gallery of portraits, than an historical work. We have before observed that the engravings are well executed; whether they are faithful copies or not of the busts and statues from which they are said to be taken, we have no means of ascertaining; but we shrewdly suspect, from a kind of sameness about the costume, &c. that the twelve Cæsars have greatly assisted M. Cunha in his labours.

ART. VIII.—*Bragur*, Vol. I.—VIII. 8vo. Leipzig.

OF the earlier numbers of this periodical work, which we lament to hear has for some time been discontinued, an account was inserted in our Review for 1804 (vol. ii. p. 407); but the fifth and sixth parts were unfortunately wanting in the set transmitted to us. Having since received these deficient portions of the collection, we shall make some further extracts from the work, which deserves to be better known to the students of northern archæology. It is a valuable and a various repository both of original re-

searches, of glossologic explanations, of bibliographic notices, and of agreeable poems and tales.

Among these gothic romances, several of which throw much light on the early manners and superstitions of our own ancestors, the history of the sword Tyrning, is the most extensive, the most peculiar, and the most interesting. It seems to have been based on a series of Scandinavian sagas, but to have been expanded and adorned by the plastic fancy and antiquarian knowledge of the editor, Frederic David Grater, to whom the public is indebted for the best and liveliest contributions to Bragur.

The Swedish Macpherson, Biorner, in his *Nordiska Kampedater*, had already set examples of this method of refashioning scanty antique ballads into romantic tales; and of celebrating the *northern champions* in a manner consistent with the costume of the antient, and the amusement of the modern world. Grater excels his predecessor Biorner in the picturesque character of his descriptions, and the mythological erudition of his allusions.

That our readers may themselves judge of the nature, spirit, and character of Scandinavian fiction, we will freely transplant into our conservatory, the first part, at least, of the history of the sword Tyrning. We are persuaded it will amuse them not unprofitably.

* In days of yore reigned in the north king Swafurlam. The land over which he bore sway was called Gardareich, and had been given to his grandfather Sigurlam, the fair-haired, for an inheritance by Odin himself. Gardareich is often praised in the sagas, as one of the noblest boons which the father of the gods distributed among the braver of his companions; fir-trees covered its mountains, sheep fed in its vallies; and dwarves dwelt in its havens, who forged weapons, and built ships for the sea-kings.

* Swafurlam had not degenerated: he was a great and a brave warrior, bold alike in battle or in duel. Whoever strove with him was sure to lose his life, or to owe it to Swafurlam's bounty. Even the dreaded Thias, who slew the father, found in the son an avenging overcomer. Swafurlam challenged him to single combat, and the giant fell beneath the might of this hero's sword.

* Swafurlam having made himself formidable to the neighbours of his kingdom, lived in long repose; and took to his bed Frida, the daughter of the giant, whom he had slain, and who in consequence had become his captive. By her he had an only female child the beautiful Eyfura, the blueness of whose eyes, the splendour of whose complexion, and the flaxen paleness of whose hair, were noised abroad by these skalds, who feasted alternately at the halls of the earls, and enlivened the hour of ale with songs in praise of beauty and of courage.

'Luck, like death, has its appointed hour. In Swafurlam's time, a mighty *kamper*, or champion, cruised about in the north seas, who was called Arngrim. He was grandson to Starkader, surnamed the eight-handed, and to the fair Alsbilda. This warrior sea king despised helmets and coats of mail, and, in opposition to common prudence, as well as to the usage of the time, undertook every battle and every duel, without hauberk, or harness. By this practice he acquired the surname Baresark, which means *bare-shirt*, and which became the family name of his descendants.

'What he might lose in point of safety by the want of armour, was replaced to him by the extraordinary fury which seized him when he was about to fight. In this state, he resembled a madman to whom every thing gives way because he is mad; equal efforts of strength, of daring, of rapidity, of resource, would in his sober senses be quite impossible. The most courageous, the best armed champions had opposed Arngrim, but, when his rage came on, he overpowered and cut in pieces every one, and seemed to feel at the time neither blow nor wound. As if he had a charmed body made to deal death but not to feel it, he howled with a sort of exultation, while he struck in pieces his human prey.

'Arngrim, after roving about from kingdom to kingdom, came at last in to the peaceful Gardareich; and a rumor was soon spread that he desired to fight with the master of the country. Swafurlam, who had never been accustomed to shun a challenge, grew grave, when his messengers told him of the strength and of the character of Arngrim. The queen feared for the life for her husband, and Eyfura, though else heroic, wept with various alarms.

'Swafurlam however determined to put his fate into the hands of the gods; he ordered the lads to saddle his horse, and bring his hunting spear; the chace he thought would divert his spirits and restore his activity. There is in hunting an all absorbing whirl of idea, produced by the rapid changes of sensation, which has rendered it in all ages a willing refuge of the uneasy; it leaves no leisure for other cares than its own.

'Into the forest near his dwelling the dogs were turned loose; and he and his people had beaten the bushes for many hours, before any marks were discovered of the wished-for game. At length a beautiful and bold white stag looked out of a bush and then retired behind the fir-trees. Swafurlam uttered the halloo of pursuit, and spurred his horse after the fleet creature, which seemed to be making a joke of the royal hunter. It was now on the right, now on the left; then it doubled back, then it darted forwards; but whenever the hunter seemed to approach, and was lifting his arm to hurl the spear, the animal gave a prodigious bound on one side, and was afar in the twinkling of an eye. When at a distance, it would stop, and look round, as if disposed to wait for the pursuers, and so keep within ken: and this it did at least a dozen times.

'The king grew impatient, but the more eager; he drove on with unrelenting perseverance over bush and brake, over hedge and ditch, over hill and dale. Night came on, but it was bright moonlight,

and the fleet white stag was easily to be discerned. The king still chose to pursue. Midnight came on, and the stag was still running before the hunters, as much at its ease as ever: and stopping to look round for them, when they seemed at a loss, or disposed to halt from weariness.

'At length they came to a monstrous rock, which appeared to wall in the forest, to overlook its highest trees, and to form by its steepness an impassable barrier. The stag ran directly up to it; and after bounding round in a circle, until the king should draw near, it sprang at a crevice of the rock, struck its antlers against it, and totally disappeared.

'It had opened by the effort a pair of folding-doors, behind which gleamed subterraneous fires. Two well-shaped dwarves presently came forth. The king disappointed at missing his prey, and supposing them to have played him a trick and rendered the stag invisible, grinned with anger, uttered oaths of ill omen, drew his sword, and threatened to strike off their heads, unless they restored to him his game. The dwarves on their knees begged for their lives. 'What are your names,' asked the king, 'Dwalin is my name; and Dyrin is my brother's name.'

'This answer startled Swafurlam. He recollected to have heard from his youth that two dwarves of this name were the mightiest of their race, and the most consummate masters of the art of making weapons of all kinds, to which they attached a magic virtue. Perhaps, thought he to himself, the stag I have been pursuing was no common beast; but the elf, who is my guardian spirit, may have assumed this form to guide me to the dwelling of the dwarves. No doubt they could make me a magic sword, which would cut my way though my perils, and rid me of Arngrim Baresark.'

'Swafurlam now determined to profit by his opportunity, and softening the harshness of his tone, he said to the dwarves with an assumed graciousness, that he would let them off harmless, if in three days they would make him a sword, which would neither miss its blow, nor rust, which would cut through iron as through a garment, and always bring victory to its grasper in duel, or in battle.

'All this we will do, said the dwarves; come hither in three days and take the sword.' Then they showed the king into the bowels of the mountain; where he saw wells of fire, whence issued streams of liquid iron and gold radiant as the sunshine. Dwarves unnumbered walked above the burning soil, and, wherever they stopped, flames came roaring out of the earth with a noise as of a stormy sea. They were black as Moors, and showed to the king many magic weapons, which were to destroy the enemies of his race.

'It was day-break when the king returned to the upper world. He found his attendants stretched in a deep sleep, at the threshold of the cavernous palace. No sooner were the folding-doors closed behind him, than the spell ceased; the dogs started up and began to howl; the steeds snorted, rose and pawed the ground; and the whole retinue returned home at leisure and in safety.

'After three days, the king accompanied by a single follower,

went again to the palace of the dwarves. Dwalin stood before the folding gates, and gave to the king a new sword, which he held already in his hand. 'Swafurlam, here is the sword; strong and good as thou hast commanded. Tyrning, that is, *death of men*, is its name; let its first owner first beware.'

'These last words were pronounced in an oracular tone, which chilled Swafurlam to the back-bone. The sword, which remained in his hand, felt to him as cold as ice and heavy as lead. But the dwarves had disappeared; and when the doors of their dwelling flapped together in the king's face, a long clap as of thunder, seemed to echo their threat throughout all the hollows of the place. Swafurlam admired his sword and its splendid accoutrements, the curious richness of the workmanship, the yellow gloss of the gold, the blue amel of the steel, the straps of scarlet leather, and the buckle studded with precious stones. He began to draw it, and perceived this motto on the blade:

Niggard, know that whom I slay,
I avenge another day.

'And on the other side:

Draw me not, unless in fray;
Drawn I pierce, and piercing slay.

'Swafurlam now began to surmise that his insolent demeanour to the dwarves had undone all the good which his guardian elf, or hammingia, whom he supposed to have assumed the form of the white stag, had intended for him by conducting his course to the magical smithy. Still however he hoped that the graven curses were not to fall on the first owner, and that the term niggard, which among the northern nations passed for the bitterest reproaches, was addressed to any other than himself. So much however of attention he lent to the motto as to sheathe the sword without wholly drawing it, and to proceed thoughtfully and slowly back to his residence.

'Arngrim, the unconquerable as he was called, had already arrived. The customs of Scandinavia did not forbid, on the contrary they required, the kind reception of a man whose desial was accepted. This implied sufficient equality of rank to entitle either party to the other's hospitality. Those would drink against each other over night, who were to fight against each other in the morning. It was a maxim of Odin, 'To the guest who enters your dwelling with frozen knees give the warmth of your fire; and offer water to him who sits down at your table that he may cleanse his hands; he who has travelled over the mountains is in need of food, fire, and dry garments; his praise shall spread abroad who is kind to the stranger; the thankful guest brings help in trouble.'

'The queen Irida, and her daughter, performed their part of the reception with seemliness. They slaked in water the largest hams and threw them into the caldron to boil: they plucked fowls and eider-ducks for the spit, which an idiot-boy, a changeling of the elves, was employed to turn. They seethed parsnips, cabbages,

and yellow turnips: they cut into smooth slices a vast loaf of rye-bread; and tapped a cask of the strongest ale brewed years ago the month after harvest. Eyfura herself went into the cellar, and brought to Aangrim the first tankard hissing in its foam.

‘It was impossible for the queen to gaze without shuddering on her guest. He appeared about fifteen years younger than her husband, and still possessed that sinewy fulness of strength, which in Swafurlam was beginning to give way. Nor could she avoid recollecting, without some inklings of an impending retribution, that she had originally been herself the prize of a very similar visit of desolation, and had been torn by Swafurlam from the grasp of a slaughtered father.

‘After the repast Swafurlam, as was usual, proposed drinking a cupful to the immortal memory of Odin; then his guest named Niord and Frea, as the divinities to whom he thought himself indebted for a propitious voyage into Gardareich; the third bumper was to be emptied in honour of Braga, but a skald was first called upon to sing a song in praise of some champion of old. He chose the death song of Hacon.

‘Skogul and Gondula,
The God Tyr sent
To choose a king
Of the race of Ingra,
To dwell with Odin,
In roomy Valhalla.

‘The brother of Biorn,
They found unmail’d;
Arrows were sailing;
Foes were falling,
Hoisted was the banner,
The hider of heaven.

‘The wicked sea-king
Had summoned Haleyg;
The slayer of earls
With a gang of horsemen
Against the islanders
Was come in his helmet.

‘The father of the people,
Bare of his armour,
Sported in the field;
And was hurling coits
With the sons of the nobles.

‘Glad was he to hear
A shouting for battle:
And soon he stood
In his helmet of gold,
Soon was the sword
A sickle in his hand.

' The blades glitter'd,
 The hauberks were cleft;
 Blows of weapons
 Dinn'd on the skulls.
 Trodden were the shields
 Of the death-doom'd of Tyr,
 Their rings and their crests
 By the hard-footed horsemen.
 The kings broke through
 The hedges of shields
 And stained them with blood
 Red and reeking,
 As if on fire,
 The hot swords leapt
 From bleeding wounds.
 Curdling gore
 Trickled along the spears
 Unto the shores of Storda ;
 Into the waves fell
 Corpses of the slain.
 The care of plunder
 Was busy in the fight ;
 For rings they strove
 Amid the storm of Odin,
 And strove the fiercer :
 Men of marrow bent
 Before the stream of blades
 And lay bleeding
 Behind their shields,
 Their swords blunted
 Their actions pierced,
 The chieftains sat down
 And the host no more,
 Struggled to reach
 The halls of the dead.
 ' When lo ! Gondula
 Pointing with her spear
 Said to her sister,
 ' Soon shall increase,
 The band of the gods :
 To Odin's feast
 Hacon is bidden.'
 ' The king beheld
 The beautiful maids,
 Sitting on their horses
 In shining armour ;
 Their shields before them,
 Solemnly thoughtful.

' The king heard
The words of their lips,
Saw them beckon
With pale hands,
And thus bespake them :
' Mighty goddesses
Were we not worthy
You should choose us
A better doom ?'

' Scogul answered :
' Thy foes have fallen,
Thy land is free,
Thy fame is pure ;
Now we must ride
To greener worlds
To tell Odin
That Hacon comes.'

' The father of battles
Heard the tidings
And said to his sons,
' Hermode and Braga,
Greet the chieftain,
Who comes to our hall.'

They rose from their seats,
They led Hacon,
Bright in his arms,
Red in his blood,
To Odin's board,
' Stern are the gods,'

Hacon said,
' Not on my soul
Doth Odin smile.'
Braga replied ;
Here thou shalt find,
Peace with the heroes,
Eight of thy brothers,
Quaff already,
The ale of gods.'

' Like them I will wear
The arms I loved ;'
Answered the king.
' 'Tis well to keep
One's armour on ;
'Tis well to keep
One's sword at hand.'

Now it was seen
How duly Hacon
Had paid his offerings ;

For the lesser gods
 All came to welcome
 The guest of Valhalla.
 * Hallowed be the day,
 Praised the year
 When a king is born
 Whom the gods love;
 By him his time
 And his land shall be known.
 * The wolf Feurir
 Freed from his chain,
 Shall range the earth;
 Ere on this shore
 His like shall rule.
 * Wealth is wasted,
 Kinsmen are mortal,
 Kingdoms are parted;
 But Hacon remains
 High among the gods
 Till the trumpet shall sound.

'The kings and their guests admired the makers of the song, and asked the name of this son of Braga. Eywind Scaldaspiller,' answered the harper, 'he was the friend of the king, and was playing with him at coits when the pirates surprized the island, and wounded Hacon with a random shaft. Eywind himself in his old age, taught me the song.'

'And who was the sea-king, asked Swafurlam, who came to plunder Haleyg. That Eywind always refused to say, 'unlamented and unnamed,' exclaimed he, 'let them fall, who harbour not the hallowed voice of the skald.' I can tell you who it was, said Arngrim, my father.—Swafurlam proposed to couple the names of Hacon and Eywind, and drink to their deathless memory with three shouts, as Braga the god of praise ordained.

'Hereupon the queen and her daughter withdrew, aware that the cup of love would be called for, and handed round next, and that it commonly gives rise to jokes, and sayings which a woman may not be seen to hear. Frida and Eyfura, while going, were requested by Swafurlam to prepare the cup; they accordingly toasted, or rather burnt some bread, and quenched its flame in the ale; into which they grated some aromatic nuts, which had the property of causing love, and which were the gift of a wandering magician, who had presented them to the queen with other talismans. He had prophesied that Eyfura would wed a sea-king, and had been honoured for his visit with the present of a spiral bracelet of golden wire.

'From cheerfulness to noise, from noise to drunkenness, from drunkenness to sleep, the principal guests passed, or affected to

pass, and Arngrim was carried last but one, and Swafurlam last to his bed-room, by lads whose office it was to bring food and drink to the guests, but to observe sobriety themselves. They had also in charge to pile blocks of wood on the fire, and to feed and rub the horses of the heroes. These lads were sons of eminent chieftains in the neighbourhood, who in the capacity of attendants, had the opportunity of learning the military and field exercises, and observing the manners of men of rank.

At dawn Swafurlam was already arming himself for the fight, and by break of day both combatants were met on the appointed spot. The queen and her daughter could see the conflict from their apartment. Frida shuddered for her husband; Eysura seemed to feel a double anxiety to which perhaps the unusually heroic figure of young Arngrim somewhat contributed. The duel began, Swafurlam was in complete armor, with his enchanted Tyrning by his side. Arngrim had nothing to protect him, but a large firm shield covered with plates of tin, and a common stout sword. The king struck first and clave the shield of Baresark into two nearly equal parts at the first blow, but it was so violent a one, that he overreached himself, and stuck his sword into the ground. Arngrim quickly seized his advantage, cut off the right arm of his adversary, stooped down, extricated Tyrning from the lifeless hand, and swinging the fatal sword in the air, gave to the monarch's head a gash, which brought him to the earth.

'Mighty dwarves was your vengeance to be so speedy?' Exclaimed the queen, and sank into her daughter's arms: my husband, my husband is no more! In fact he had fallen under a mortal wound. The queen saw with a sort of stupid grief, the corse of her husband brought into the great hall; pale and bowed down she thought of the desertion, which too probably awaited her declining years.

Eysura did what was possible to console her, and with sympathy replied to her bursts of anguish: Oh my father, Oh my mother! Oh forsaken orphan that I am! These words were heard by Baresark, who was assisting the followers of Swafurlam to lay the corse in state. Princess, said he, you shall not be forsaken, reach me your hand, and become my wife. Though by the laws of war you are now my booty, you shall be as content with me, as had I been a long acquainted wooer. Let us together quit this place, your father is in Valhalla, your mother, Freya will protect.

Eysura, though a tender daughter, was like all princesses of yore, too much accustomed to scenes of danger, slaughter and adversity, to be wholly overcome by her grief, or unaware of her situation. Brought up amid wars and battles, educated to hear the deeds of the gods, and the adventures of the heroes, and the enterprizes of the giants related daily, she had acquired a general idea of the rights of conquest, and of the usage of the age. The proposal of Baresark therefore did not surprize her. She herself was sprung from these burly marriages, for her mother Frida had become the prize of a like successful aggression. It is not

to her reproach that she gave to Baresark an answer, which had more of welcome than repulsion.

Whether Eyfura stayed with her mother until after the father's funeral, and whether the body was burnt, or buried in armour under a barrow, is not mentioned by the history; but it appears that Arngrim, after stripping the residence of Gardareich of what he most coveted, invited many of the dependants to assist in removing his booty; and to follow his future fortunes; and that he thus carried off with his bride, a considerable addition both of wealth and strength. Nor did he omit to gird round his waist, the celebrated Tyrting, the dangerous present of the dwarves. He reached in safety his own home of Bolmey, an island included in Halogaland, a northerly part of the Norwegian coast, where his nuptials with Eyfura were announced with all the pomp of hospitality which the times and the region allowed; skalds were invited from Iceland to celebrate the event.

ART. IX.—*Memoires et Correspondence Literaires, Dramatiques et Anecdotiques de C. S. Favart, &c.*

Memoirs, &c. of C. S. Favart, drawn up from authentic and original Documents, by H. S. Dumolard. 3 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1808.

FAVART was confessedly the most popular literary character of the century in which he lived; his versatility of talent and the variety of his acquirements, eminently qualified him for excelling in the department of the French drama, to which his genius was directed as much from necessity as choice. His native country is indebted to him for most of the standard pieces of the French stages; among these, *l'Anglais à Bordeaux*, and *les Trois Sultanes*, have established his reputation as a second Moliere. In the exercise of his talents as a dramatist, his seem to have been the efforts of a cultivated mind, while the unaffected simplicity which every where adorns his dialogue, is nature herself in her gayest mood. But we are not called upon to notice his dramatic career at present. The present volumes contain the biography only of a character remarkable for those reverses of fortune so common with the sons of genius from 'Ormus to the Ind.' During his life-time poor Favart was haunted by jealousy and pursued by envy; plundered by specious adventurers, and frequently a prey to penury and disease.

One half of the volumes before us is filled with the correspondence between Favart and Count Durazzo at Vienna; and although it has the merit of occasionally exhibiting some fine writing, it is fatiguing and monotonous. Durazzo, it seems,

was manager of the court theatricals at Vienna, although by birth a Genoese nobleman. It was necessary for him to be acquainted with the daily chit-chat of the Parisian circles, the anecdotes of the green-room, and the merits of performers likely to please on the boards at Vienna; Favart was fixed upon to furnish Durazzo with these details, to stipulate with the performers, and to see them sent off to Vienna. Such of our readers, therefore, as are fond of theatrical anecdote, will find abundance of amusement in this correspondence, and we must confess there is a sprightliness and gaiety in these letters which admirably qualifies them for the library of a literary lounge.

Durazzo seems to have been one of those needy noblemen, who think they have a right, in return for what they call condescension, to lay genius under an unmerciful contribution. Poor Favart received abundance of compliments in return for his services, but nothing further; nay, the conduct of the courtier towards him was marked by downright dishonesty. One of the letters now published informs us that Durazzo annually received a large pecuniary recompence from the Empress Maria Theresa, to be transmitted to the French poet. The Austrian master of the revels, however, had so great an esteem for his factotum, that he never mentions the vile subject of money during their whole intercourse. Durazzo kept the gold himself, and transmitted to the poet the purer, and perhaps more grateful homage to his muse, of glory and adulation. Notwithstanding this new way of sharing the profits, their partnership lasted ten long years, and there existed between the grandee and the poet, what perhaps might be mistaken by a superficial reader, for the extreme of intimacy and friendship. 'You are unalterably my friend,' says Durazzo, in one of his letters, 'let there be an end of compliments then between us, suppress all titles and ceremonials. After such an invitation it may be supposed that Favart addressed his patron as my dear count, or my dear friend; but in this we are mistaken. His subsequent letters seem more studiously decked out than usual with *Monseigneur* and *your Excellency*. From this we may infer that Favart had discovered the true character of Durazzo, or perhaps thought that a fool only is to be deceived by appearances of familiarity, while etiquette is seldom lost sight of with impunity even in epistolary correspondence.

When we have waded through the tedious correspondence with Count Durazzo, we meet with lively and entertaining anecdotes at every page.

The bon-mots scattered through these volumes are generally so much indebted to the genius of the French language, that a translation would convey but a feeble idea of their me-

rit. There are a few, however, distinguished by their originality and genuine humour, which may serve to fill up a corner in our future Joe Millers :

* Moncrif, the French naturalist, gave an unmerciful beating to a poet, who had ventured upon a few epigrams at his expence. The wit while suffering under the chastisement of the natural historian, exclaimed, ' Ah ! Moncrif ! Moncrif ! since thou hast written the history of the cats, why hast thou not a velvet paw ?'

' Father Chrysostom, an eminent Jesuit, once preached when the crowd was so great that the church could not contain the whole of his auditors. A religious countryman, who was in the church-yard on his ass, thought he could understand the sermon better if he could get a peep at the preacher. For this purpose, he mounted upon the panniers of Dapple, and both alternately stretched forth their ears. The reverend father had scarcely finished a pathetic period, when the good countryman smote his breast, and began to weep, when his ass set up a formidable bray. "*Make that ass hold his tongue,*" cried a man with the voice of the Arcadian Stentor. "*Turn out that insolent rascal,*" said the holy father, thinking the complaint was levelled at his declamation.'

' M. Thiéri, a celebrated physician, was called in to a gentleman who had been attacked with a violent vomiting. After hearing every thing the patient had to say, the doctor meditated a few minutes in silence, and then suddenly exclaimed, " Ah ! my dear Sir, I am the happiest man alive ! I have found it ! I have found it ! It is the black vomit, a disease which has been missing for two centuries, and I have had the good fortune to restore it to the faculty ! " " Ah, doctor," said the sick man, " your joy has made me happy also. You have found then that my disease is — " " Mortal, Sir ! " rejoined the doctor : " You are in the last extremity, make your will ; but you ought to die overjoyed that the black vomit has again made its appearance ! " At these words Sangrado left the apartment, exclaiming, " the black vomit ! the black vomit for ever ! "

There are some pleasantries in one of the volumes upon the magistrates of Paris for prohibiting the *Athalie* and *Merope*, from being played during the Passion Week, while they permitted the actors of the Boulevard to perform the elegant pantomime of *Harlequin transformed into a pig for love* !

Among the anecdotes respecting poets, players, and musicians, with which these Memoirs abound, it may appear somewhat incredible that out of six hundred ephemeral dramas, represented during Favart's literary life, only six now remain as stock pieces on the French boards.

Among one of the revolutions so common in the taste for the fine arts, it may be remarked that Gluck, the celebrated

composer, and the idol of the connoisseurs of the last century, could only sell six copies of his first and best composition within the space of two years. Gluck owed his subsequent celebrity, like other great men, to adventitious circumstances.

The greater part of the third volume is filled with letters to and from Abbé Voisenon. This gentleman was called the harlequin of the French academy, but it is proper to acknowledge that his productions are full of genius and repartee. They seem to have electrified Favart's pen, and added an unusual vivacity to the style of his answers, while they occasion a sensible regret in his readers that they were not sufficiently numerous to have filled the two former volumes instead of the vapid effusions of Durazzo.

Some fugitive pieces by Favart wind up the volume; in most of them a discriminating reader will discover that easy and graceful elegance of thought and expression which has placed Favart in the highest rank among the minor French poets. There are some, however, which ought not to have been brought back from that oblivion to which we know from his letters that Favart was anxious to consign them. His diffidence of his own merit was not the only amiable trait in his character; his modesty was that which ever accompanies true genius. He accused himself of having corrupted the public taste in writing comic operas, and he reproached himself for the success they obtained.

'They tell me,' he says, in a letter to his friend, 'that I shall have a pension for being the leader of this bad taste in France, but between ourselves I rather deserve the bastinado for my pains.'

It is not likely that any of his readers will judge so harshly, although his executors would have done well if they had published such pieces only as confessedly contradict the bad opinion entertained by the author of himself. To their avarice, or perhaps to the cupidity of the French booksellers, we are indebted for the quantity of literary rubbish these volumes contain. In some places we meet with repetitions of entire letters, *verbatim et literatim*: an effrontery which our jobbing English booksellers have not yet been guilty of.

ART. X.—*Voyage religieux et sentimentale aux Cimetieres de Paris, &c.*

Religious and sentimental Excursions to the Church-yards of Paris, containing a great Variety of Inscriptions followed by religious and moral Reflexions. By Anthony Caillot. 1 Vol. 8vo. pp. 380. Paris, chez Haussman. 1808.

WE feel a peculiar pleasure in noticing a work of this description, as appearing in a nation which the rest of Europe has long regarded as beyond the pale of religion, and loosened from the trammels of morality.

Those who expect to find the atrabilious effusions of the Night Thoughts, or the flippant jargon of Hervey in M. Caillot's work will be disappointed. His reflexions, however, are not altogether free from that whining sentimentality, which eternally pervades the compositions of a Frenchman while either philosophising or addressing a roundelay to his mistress.

The singular mission on which our author was engaged, suggested a practical remark which he makes when describing the cemetery of *Mont Louis* or *Maison du pere La Chaise*. "What was my astonishment to find the greater number of these sad inscriptions inform me that they marked the graves of fathers of families dead at an advanced age, or after having passed the prime of life! How striking the contrast from the graves in the church-yard of *Montmartre*, a greater part of which contain husbands and wives, and young girls cut off in the vigour of youth. How is this phenomenon to be accounted for, and why does the enemy of mankind strike more young people than old in one place, and more old than young in another?"

M. Caillot endeavours to explain this phenomenon; he does not ascribe it to the difference between the air respired in the *fauxbourg Saint Antoine*, and that of the *Palais Royal*; but to the intemperance so prevalent in the latter of these districts, and to a mad passion for public exhibitions and nocturnal festivities, in which the youth of both sexes violate the laws of nature and disobey the dictates of prudence.

In the *Charais*, and in the *fauxbourg St. Antoine*, on the contrary, industrious habits, regular hours, and more moderate and simple pleasures, instead of committing an outrage against nature, produce better health, and ensure old age and exemption from bodily infirmities.

The scene which the author delights to contemplate, naturally elevates his mind to religious ideas. On this subject

he is frequently so fervent that his opinions in matters connected with worship border on intolerance; although he more than once restores himself to our good graces by the liberality of his sentiments.

It gives us satisfaction to observe the mild impartiality with which he summarily retraces the influence retained by father La Chaise over the mind of his august penitent, and the dire effects of the religious wars which lighted up the torch of persecution, and peopled the tombs in France.

"O vicissitude of human affairs!" exclaims M. Caillot, when speaking of Mont Louis, "how great the fragility of that grandeur which makes so many martyrs, or chains so many slaves; this edifice over which time is rapidly extending the sad architecture of ruin, was built by a monarch all powerful and victorious.

"It was inhabited by that father La Chaise, who to the politics of an artful courtier, united the spirit of intrigue and ambition so characteristic of the celebrated society of which he was a member; this building, so often visited by Madame de Maintenon, and which the greatest lords thought themselves happy to be for once permitted to enter, like that Versailles, where their master held his court, has now become uninhabitable, and soon will it give up to sepulchral monuments the ground, which it now burdens with its weight!"

Upon reflecting that in the last receptacle, not only are all ranks confounded, but in these days all religious sects deposit their bones within the same inclosure, M. Caillot exclaims, "Ah! who now will dare to tell me that if I do not adopt such and such opinions, I shall be condemned to eternal punishment? What barbarian dares now say, out of my communion there is no salvation? incomprehensible and all merciful Being, hast thou empowered any individual to avenge thee? Does it belong to a vile creature to say to his fellow-mortals, subscribe to my creed or be for ever miserable? what limits, great God! can we finite beings fix to thy clemency and justice? What right have I to say to thee, here shalt thou punish, and there shalt thou reward? Answer, O ye dead, who moulder into dust; was it possible for you all to follow the same creed?"

"Praised be that wise government which destroyed the disgraceful and sacrilegious wall of separation reared by intolerance between the dead and the dead, between the grave and the grave!"

Those short extracts will give a slight idea of the style of the author, which is often harmonious and elegant, and at times not deficient in energy.

DIGEST OF LITERATURE

FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

HISTORY.

'THE history of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of the Abolition of the African Slave Trade,' by Mr. Clarkson, exhibits a circumstantial detail of the various cruelties which were practised in this abominable traffic, of the various difficulties which the advocates for the abolition had to encounter, and of the means by which they finally consummated a measure so long and so loudly demanded by reason and humanity. Mr. Clarkson has interwoven a particular account of his own journeys to procure evidence, with the more general history of the abolition. Some persons will, perhaps, think this the most interesting part of the performance. There are some tedious and common-place details, which Mr. C. might have omitted, with advantage to the work, which would also have been more attractive if there had been more elegance and animation in the style. Mr. Banks's 'Dormant and extinct Baronage of England,' may not perhaps be properly classed under the head of history; but, if it be not a history, it furnishes numerous materials, which may be usefully employed by the historian, in order to throw light on the manners and characters of the times. This work of Mr. Banks evinces considerable research; but the perusal is rendered less gratifying than it would otherwise have been, if the writer had adopted a more elegant style of composition.

BIOGRAPHY.

The 'Life of Sir Philip Sidney,' by Dr. Zouch, is drawn from the most authentic sources of information, and is compiled with considerable care. Though the picture wants that glow of chivalry which characterized the original, yet it is an impartial and correct representation. If we occasionally meet with flat passages, and common-place remarks, yet these are more than compensated by the labour of research, the love of truth, and the vein of piety which pervade the work. The moral and religious reflections, which are not ostentatiously displayed, but introduced with feeling and effect, evince the amiable mind of the biographer, while they are in unison with the habits of the illustrious subject of his pen.—Mr. Smith's 'Narrative of the Causes which led to the Death of Major André,' appears to exhibit a correct, but not

very perspicuous, nor well arranged narrative of the circumstances which led to the fatal catastrophe of that accomplished and interesting young man. Mr. Smith has incorporated some account of his own history with that of Major André, which renders the narrative intricate and confused.—Cecil's 'Memoirs of the Rev. John Newton,' are rather highly seasoned with the cant, and abundantly mingled with the absurdities, of methodism. Mr. Cecil appears to have designed the work as a specimen of *light reading*, in which the *godly* might innocently indulge; but it is a very heavy, tasteless, and dull performance.—The 'Account of the Life and Writings of James Bruce,' the Abyssinian traveller, by Alexander Murray, was prefixed to the edition of his travels, which appeared in 1805, but is now reprinted in a splendid quarto, with considerable additions and emendations. Besides the life, more than half the volume is occupied with an appendix, which contains a great variety of valuable and interesting matter, relative to Mr. Bruce, his travels, &c. &c.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

M. Fauche Borel's 'Accounts relative to Pichegru and Moreau,' will gratify the curiosity of those who delight in examining the mode in which counter-revolutionary plots have been conducted by the emigrants and others, under the auspices of the English government, against the new political system of France. M. Fauche Borel was a very sedulous agent of the Bourbons; and, if they are not at present seated on the throne of France, it certainly is not his fault, for he seems to have done all which the audacity or the art of an individual could do to bring about that now improbable, and we think, impossible, event. We do not place implicit confidence in all the details of M. Borel; but some of them throw considerable light on the principles and characters of several of the great actors on the stage of the revolution.—In Mr. Ferris's 'Standard of the English Constitution,' we meet with some spirited remarks, but without any depth or copiousness of political information.—Much important matter is contained in Mr. Miles's 'Letter to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,' which throws considerable light on the circumstances and causes of the war with revolutionary France. It discloses some of the secret springs, of which the elastic force was powerfully operative in the administration of Mr. Pitt; and, though there are rather too many sarcasms, and too much bitterness against particular individuals, there is, at the same time, a great variety of important and instructive political information.—The anonymous author of 'a plain Statement of the Conduct of the Ministry and the Opposi-

tion towards his Royal Highness the Duke of York,' seems to understand the art of damning, not with faint praise, but with invidious and vilifying representations, which the writer, in his ignorance, no doubt, intended for rich and odorous panegyric.—The six pamphlets, which were mentioned in our Review for October, relative to the fifth report of the commissioners of military inquiry, though they may seem not to belong to the head of politics, yet relate to a subject which is intimately connected with the public interest, as far as the health and strength of the army are subservient to the welfare of the state. The commissioners recommended to the legislature, the exclusion of the regular physicians from the service of the army. This would have thrown the whole practice of the military department into the hands of the army-surgeons, a race of men who have rarely experienced the advantages of a regular and scientific education. The whole body of physicians are under great obligations to Dr. Bancroft, for the able, temperate, and dispassionate manner in which he has discussed the subject, in his 'Letter to the Commissioners of Military Inquiry'—Mr. Ingram's 'Disquisitions on Population,' contain a very satisfactory refutation of the delusive anti-connubial system which has been recommended by the argumentative ingenuity of Mr. Malthus. Much strength of reasoning, much solidity of judgment, and much moral, as well as political information, are displayed in these disquisitions of Mr. Ingram.—The 'Inquiries, Historical and Moral, respecting the Character of Nations, and the Progress of Society,' by Hugh Murray, are a performance of more than ordinary merit. It is clear, luminous, and profound. It places the progressive nature of man in that point of view, in which it is warranted by experience; and all the deductions of Mr. Murray are amply supported by facts. It is a work which will be perused with pleasure by the philanthropist, whose prospective views of the future improvement and felicity of his species, have been clouded by the gloomy speculations of Mr. Malthus. Mr. Murray shows how man will gradually attain to a higher degree of civilization than any at which he has yet ever arrived; and it teaches us not to be dispirited by the appearance of a retrograde course in human affairs, as it displays, with all the splendour of philosophical light, the mode in which even the progressive principles, on which the amelioration of human society so entirely depends, often vitiate before they improve; and it shows how this vitiation itself often prepares the way for the greatest and most permanent improvement.

RELIGION.

In his Bampton lectures, 'preached before the university of Oxford, in the year 1808,' Mr. Penrose has attempted to establish a criterion, by which to prove the truth of christianity, 'without entering into the question of miracles.' But he failed in an attempt, in which it was hardly possible that he should succeed. His failure is, however, by no means to be ascribed to the defect of erudition or ability; for Mr. Penrose has furnished ample proof that he possesses no common share of both. Though the truth of christianity, as a *moral system*, may be proved without the aid of miracles, yet miracles are wanting to prove it a *divine communication*. By a long and serious reflection on the constitution of man, on the circumstances in which he is placed, and on the conduct of God in the government of the world, a person may become a profound moralist; but the actual exertion of supernatural power, is requisite to confirm the pretensions of a teacher, who professes to be the messenger of God.—The discourse which Mr. Falconer preached before the university of Oxford, on the 5th of November, though evidently levelled against Catholic emancipation, contains many liberal and enlightened sentiments.

PHILOSOPHY, MORAL, PHYSICAL, AND METAPHYSICAL.

Captain Williamson's 'Mathematics, simplified and practically illustrated by the Adaptation of the principal Problems to the ordinary Purposes of Life,' &c. is one of those works in which the performance does not correspond with the promise in the title. Captain Williamson has not elucidated the way that was obscure, nor smoothed that which was abrupt and difficult. The novice in mathematics will not be benefited by his book, and it will certainly not be consulted by the proficient.—Dr. Jarrold's 'Anthropologia,' contains a good deal of information on the physical and moral nature of man, mingled with a pleasing hue of devotional reflection. The doctor very vigorously asserts the claim of the African to a superior, rather than to a subordinate rank, in the scale of human existence. There appears, however, to be something fanciful in the physical superiority, which he assigns to the skin of the black man, over that of the white. The doctor attaches more importance to the liberal use of salt, than we think that experience justifies.—'A new System of Chemical Philosophy,' by John Dalton, evinces the usual patience, industry, and research, of the enlightened author. On his system, we shall offer no opinion, till the whole is before us.

MEDICINE.

Dr. Farrel has rendered some service to the public, by translating 'the Lectures of Boyer, upon the Diseases of the Bones, arranged into a Systematic Treatise, by M. Richerand, Professor of Anatomy and Philosophy, and principal Surgeon to the Northern Hospital, at Paris.' These lectures explain the diseases of bones, as arising from local or constitutional causes, or the effects of accidents and injuries, with the proper methods of treatment. They include, therefore, a very important branch of the art of surgery; their utility constitutes their great recommendation.—The pamphlet which colonel Riddell has had the *modesty* to entitle the '*Kiddellian System, or new Medical Improvements,*' is such a farrago of quackery, of ignorance, and presumption, as we have not often perused. The colonel, it seems, has some how or other become acquainted with a good antimonial purge, which he has taken himself, and administered largely to his friends. The colonel would willingly induce us to believe that this purgative will cure any fever in a few hours, and that it possesses other miraculous powers, of which the colonel's patients, like those of Drs. Brodum, Solomon, &c. will, no doubt, attest the truth.—Mr. Wardrop's '*Essays on the Morbid Anatomy of the Human Eye,*' are part of a great and difficult design, which the author has formed of delineating all the diseases of the eye. This volume is a very favourable specimen of the work. The engravings have not often been equalled in accuracy, distinctness, and expression.—In his '*Exposition of the Practice of affusing cold Water on the Surface of the Body,*' as a remedy for fever, Dr. Jackson has endeavoured to establish the priority of his claim to the practice of the cold affusion. Dr. J. greatly overrates the powers of this external agent on the human system. It certainly alleviates febrile irritation, but it does not appear to possess any direct antifebrile efficacy. The reasoning of Dr. Jackson, is often only a mere jargon of words, and his speculations, which are neither distinctly conceived, nor clearly expressed, are not likely to make any accession to our knowledge of fever, or its cure.—The observations, which Mr. Freer, of the general hospital near Birmingham, has published on aneurism, and some diseases of the arterial system, reflect great credit on his professional skill. Mr. Freer has the merit of having first performed, with complete success, the operation for femoral aneurism, by tying the external iliac artery. This case gave rise to the present work; but, besides this, it contains a succinct and scientific account of some of the diseases of arteries, which must be highly valuable to the medical practitioner.

POETRY.

In this department of the literary vineyard, the labourers, as usual, are many, but the fruit is small. The translation of the *Satires* of Boileau, which was noticed in our number for September, abounds with instances of careless and slovenly versification. The translator has, in some parts, done justice to his original, and discovered a power of rhyme, which may be well employed on a theme which is susceptible of being rendered more generally interesting.—Mr. Tighe has evinced considerable poetical talents in his poem of ‘the Plants.’—The *Exodiad*, which is a product of the poetical partnership of Mr. Cumberland and Sir J. Bland Burgess, betrays in many places, the difference of its parentage. These brother-poets seem to have been rather unfortunate in the subject which they have chosen for their joint labours. In the fable there is a defect of unity; in the characters, though there is no violation of consistency, there is not, with the exception of that of Korah, one which is delineated with any peculiar boldness or force; the machinery does not, in general, exhibit much power of imagination, nor correctness of judgment; the diction, though it is, in some instances, energetic and spirited, is more often languid and inanimate; it is, besides, sometimes deformed by colloquial vulgarisms, which ought to have no place in an epic poem.—Mr. Noble’s ‘*Blackheath*,’ contains some passages which are well conceived, and poetically expressed; but these are hardly sufficient to atone for the many instances which occur of false taste, turgidity, and affectation.—In Mr. Westall’s ‘*Day in Spring*, and other Poems,’ there is much pleasing and natural description, and Mr. W. who has often charmed by his talents as a painter, seems to possess that degree of sensibility to the beautiful forms and combinations of nature, which have qualified him to cultivate the sister art of poetry with no inconsiderable success.—The translation of select sonnets of Petrarch, by the translator of Catullus, evinces no mean powers of easy and elegant versification.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The ‘*Account of Jamaica and its Inhabitants*, by a Gentleman, long resident in the West Indies,’ contains a great deal of useful and interesting information, respecting that valuable island. The materials of which it is composed, appear not to have been copied from books, but derived from personal observation and research. The ‘*Travels in Turkey*,’ &c. by Thomas Macgill, are full of hasty and inaccurate statements, and very destitute of real information.—Fischer’s ‘*Picture of*

Madrid, 'is a very lively description of the locality, buildings, trade, manners, customs, amusements, and occupations of that interesting capital. There is an air of *naïveté* and sprightliness in the work, which add much to the pleasure of the perusal.—The 'Picture of Lisbon, taken on the Spot by a Gentleman, many years resident in that Place,' is also an instructive and amusing work.—Gass's Journal of a 'Corps of Discovery,' contains much geographical information relative to the interior of North America, bordering on the Pacific ocean.

NOVELS.

The novel entitled 'Sketches of Character,' is a very pleasing and natural performance. It is not a work which interests by any ingenious construction of plot, so much as by the ease and the animation with which the characters and the conversations are portrayed.—The 'Claire d'Albe,' of Madam Cottin, displays the characteristic powers of that ingenious and impassioned writer. The tale is simple, the characters few, and the interest well preserved. Many of her observations evince a considerable insight into the human heart. But some passages are rather too voluptuous, and have a tendency to merge the sense of duty in the grossness of passion. The catastrophe was, however, evidently designed to impress the sacred obligation of conjugal fidelity.—The 'Romantic Tales' of M. G. Lewis, are not deficient in amusement, and some of them are even instructive, but they have no claim to the praise of inventive genius. Mr. Lewis has constructed these volumes of tales, of materials which other writers had furnished to his hands, though he has often varied the forms; altered the combination, and improved the appearance of the whole. But some of his tales are rendered monstrous by the extravagances, incongruities, and absurdities which were disgraceful to him to write, and which are disgraceful to those who can peruse them without disgust.—Miss Hamilton has made no small accession to her fame, by her 'Cottagers of Glenburnie.' The end, at which Miss Hamilton aims in this work, is as honourable to her, as the execution. Her object is to improve the manners, and to correct the filth, the negligence, and sloth of the Scottish peasantry. In her simple and artless tale, the opposite effects of neatness and slovenliness, of cleanliness and nastiness, of good and bad management, are portrayed with so much vivacity and discrimination, that no one can contemplate the picture, without feeling the important truths, which it is intended to inculcate. The peculiar manners, habitudes, and temperament of the Scottish peasantry, have been so faithfully and happily de-

scribed by Miss H. that nothing can exceed the fidelity and distinctness of the resemblance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Illustrations of the Scenery of the Gentle Shepherd, contains few, and but a few, particulars relative to the author of that pleasing pastoral. Some of the local descriptions are well executed, and deserve considerable praise.—Mr. Park has re-published the first volume of that celebrated collection of pamphlets and tracts which is known by the name of the Harleian Miscellany. The new editor has retained the old arrangement, or rather confusion of the original work, as well as preserved the old matter, more than one half of which might have been rejected without any injury to the publication. The extreme scarcity of the original work, appears to have prompted this republication.—Mr. Mangin's Essay on Light Reading, contains many sensible and judicious observations on that species of reading, which impoverishes the head, while it vitiates the heart.

DIGEST OF POLITICS,

FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

SINCE the publication of our last Appendix, the war in the north of Europe, which was for some time carried on with doubtful success between the Russians and the Swedes, seems at last to have taken a decisive turn in favour of the former, who have made themselves masters of Finland. This province which borders on the capital of Russia, has long excited the ambitious rapacity of that power, and the present cession, which has been acquired by the superiority of her arms, is not likely to be soon relinquished. The king of Sweden, however, instead of crouching to the conqueror, appears to be still determined to maintain his independence; and while Bonaparte continues to be employed in the south, we do not think that the power, nor the menaces of the emperor of Russia will be able to reduce him to submission, or to compel him to engage in hostilities against this country. In the spring it is probable that an English army will be sent to assist him either to recover Finland, or to conquer Norway: and to keep the fleets of Russia skulking in her ports. This at least is due to the fidelity of his alliance, and in the present temper of the court of Petersburg,

it seems not revenge, but policy to make the autocrat of the north feel that he is likely to derive but a small portion either of profit or of honour from his alliance with Napoleon.

The counsels of Russia, or at least those of the emperor and his mistresses remain at present decidedly French; either the most ignominious pusillanimity, the most detestable turpitude, or the most erroneous calculations of policy, and of interest have made Alexander who was once foolishly called the magnanimous, sink into the mere tool, the abject puppet of Napoleon. Much may perhaps be ascribed to his fears, for Bonaparte certainly possesses the art of frightening his adversaries; but much will still remain to be laid to the account of his vices, which Napoleon also knows how to employ to his advantage. The lusts of princes have often sapped the very foundation of their throne; this is particularly the case with the present emperor of Russia, whose favourite confidants, those who see him in his most unreserved hours, are in the pay of Napoleon. Bonaparte, who can stoop to be little, in order to rise to be great, and who is as transcendent in arts as in arms, would no doubt not hesitate to officiate as *procurer* to the remaining princes of Europe, who are willing to gratify the sensuality at any cost. The Corsican would gladly supply their courts of Europe with a stock of female emissaries, whose blandishments might operate as effectually for the downfall of states as the battles of Jena, or of Austerlitz.

The ascendant, which Bonaparte acquired over the mind of Alexander when they met at Tilsit, while the ears of the autocrat were still vibrating with the thunder of Friedland, seems to have been still farther established by the interview at Erfurth, which was rendered doubly potent by the dancing-girls of Paris. O sage Napoleon! What an adept art thou in accommodating thy manners, and thy complaisance, to the temper and constitution of thy guests! The present humiliating state of Russia, in which she is acting as a sort of upper menial in the train of Napoleon, must be generally disgusting to two classes of her inhabitants, her nobles and her merchants. It must be in the highest degree offensive to the pride of the one, and to the avarice of the other. French valets, French tutors, and French *gouvernantes*, are indeed reported to have acted as powerful propagandists of French policy in many noble families; but still the majority of the nobles, who are not infected with the venality, nor paralyzed by the sorceries of the court, must behold with surprize and indignation the vast empire of Peter the Great converted into a province of France; and made a mere tool in her projects of domination.

Austria is, and has long been, in a state of inquietude and suspense. She resembles a man, who is placed in an uneasy posture, and yet is afraid of moving into another, for fear of exciting the attention of a thief who has crept into the room. Austria has evidently been extending her military preparations; but fearful of arousing the jealousy of France, she has endeavoured to conceal them under the guise of measures of internal arrangement and domestic policy. If Austria, whose existence as an independant state is secretly threatened by Bonaparte, and who is certainly only left to be destroyed, when other obstacles to his ambition are removed, really design to frustrate the blow by measures of vigorous hostility, the present seems the favourable, the critical moment for the desperate but necessary attempt. While Bonaparte is occupied beyond the Pyrenees, in the subjugation of Spain, in which he has employed all the strength of his legions, and all the talent of his generals, the cabinet of Vienna might send her forces into the field with some chance of success, and were her success comparatively small, it would still be sufficient to make a strong sensation in Germany, the larger part of which would embrace any favourable opportunity of throwing off the yoke of France. But a certain vertiginous dizziness seems to have seized the old and surviving potentates of Europe, which renders them incapable of clear-sighted views, and energetic action. They hardly discern the objects which are placed before their eyes; they are too dull to perceive immediate effects, and much less have they sagacity to foresee more remote consequences; their political hebetude, their blindness to the present, and their indifference to the future are more gross than can be described. Thus they make no adequate efforts to provide against impending ills, to avert approaching danger, or to surmount the difficulties which they cannot evade. Prussia suffered Austria to be overrun, when her vigorous interposition might have arrested the arms of Napoleon, and ultimately have prevented her own overthrow. But the impolitic jealousy of Prussia, her little mindedness, and her selfishness formed the vantage-ground for her enemy, and opened the gulph in which she is at this moment sunk. Austria with the infatuation, the imbecility, or the cowardice of Prussia, will probably let the present advantageous moment for action escape; and will afterwards precipitate a contest with France, at a season when even the most sanguine could not indulge a hope of her success.

Under the vigorous administration of Mustapha Bairactar, Turkey is not unlikely to emerge from her former degradation, to that point of consequence, which she ought to hold

among the European nations. The Turks are not inferior to the French nor to the Russians in courage, in patience, nor in any of those military aptitudes which depend on organization, or on temperament; and if the European discipline could be generally introduced among them, we do not believe that even Bonaparte with all his resources for aggression and for victory, would deem the conquest of Turkey an easy task. But alas! at the moment that we had just penned the above sentences, we received information that a new revolution had broken out in Constantinople on the 14th of last November, which has totally frustrated all the hopes which we had entertained of a salutary reform, in the civil and military administration of that vast and strangely constituted empire. The reforms which were meditated and partly begun by the late vizier, Mustapha Bairacter, are said to have been of the most comprehensive kind, and perhaps it was the premature disclosure, or the indiscreet attempt, among a people proverbially averse from every species of innovation, which accelerated his melancholy end. No man has arisen in Turkey, either during the present century or the last, possessed of a more decided character, or a more vigorous understanding, and who seemed more likely to succeed in removing part of that barbarism which is still incorporated with the maxims and institutions of Turkey, than Mustapha Bairacter. His fate will probably deter future viziers from similar attempts. Is Bonaparte destined to correct the prejudices of the Turks, and to reform the institutions of Mahomet?

Since our last digest, the affairs of Spain have undergone a considerable change; Bonaparte, from the want of sufficient energy in the Spanish and in the British councils, had ample leisure during the summer to collect an immense force, which he poured into Spain in the month of November, and of which he put himself at the head, as soon as he had obtained ample assurance, not only of the pacific intentions, but of the implicit obsequiousness of the emperor Alexander, at his interview at Erfurth. Both Spain and Britain suffered the precious intervals between the surrender of the army of Dupont, and the arrival of Bonaparte in Spain, to elapse without any vigorous hostility against the enemy. The French who had evacuated Madrid, and retired beyond the Ebro, amounted to little more than 40,000 men; if Spain had ordered a timely levy in mass, and had armed a considerable part of her population only with the pike, even this weapon when wielded by free men in a cause which was fit to inspire the most generous enthusiasm, would have been sufficient to extirpate this remnant of French. But no great effort was made by the Spaniards themselves: and

the British force which might by a timely co-operation, have come to the aid of the Spaniards at this favourable juncture, instead of being landed at Bilboa or St. Andero, was transported to Portugal, where it obtained one victory, which was rendered totally nugatory by the subsequent convention. Had the British force, which was unfortunately sent on a worse than useless errand to Portugal, been landed in any part of the north of Spain, it would have rendered the Spaniards so decidedly superior to their enemies in that quarter, that a favourable turn would have been given to the war, which even the genius of Bonaparte would not have been able to retrieve. Had the French been beaten in Spain, Junot and his whole army must soon have surrendered at discretion in Portugal. In the conduct of the English ministry with respect to the succour which has been afforded to the Spanish patriots, we discern matter both for commendation, and for blame. We commend the alacrity with which they appeared to interest themselves in the glorious cause: and the promptitude with which they afforded supplies of money, clothing, and military stores, but we cannot but reprobate the hesitation, the delay, the fluctuation of counsels, the discordancy of plan, and contrariety of orders, which they have manifested in the prosecution of the contest. The indecision, which has marked their conduct in so many instances is a lamentable proof of their imbecility. It shews a want of wisdom in their deliberations, of unity and co-herece in their projects, of solidity in their principles, and of energy in their conduct. The army which they sent to Portugal exhibited the novel spectacle of having three commanders in chief in the space of about as many days. The mischief which ensued must be deplored, but need not be recapitulated.

When Portugal was released from the presence of the French, a large part of the British army, which ought immediately to have taken the road to Spain, was left behind to keep the peace at Lisbon. The Portuguese were irritated by the pusillanimity and the folly with which the British commanders in-chief let Junot depart with the spoil of the country; and no hopes were held out to them of any alleviation of the political oppression, under which they had groaned more under the domination of the house of Braganza, than of the French. Even the establishment of the inquisition, which had been doomed to destruction by the catholic French, was left untouched by the English protestants. Nothing, in short, was done in Portugal to interest the people in the cause for which they were nevertheless required by the regency of the country, to sacrifice their lives. The proclamation of the Portuguese

provisional government, made a parade of menacing death to every one who would not take up arms against the French; but this menace would have been superfluous, if the people had been previously convinced that they had rights to defend. But a despotic government leaves its subjects nothing worth fighting for. To attempt, by a proclamation, or by any other form of words, to inspire emotions of patriotism in such a people, is as absurd as to attempt to communicate sensation to stocks and stones. The French might rob the Portuguese of their plate, or the Portuguese farmers of some of their live stock, but they could not establish a worse political system in Portugal, than they found before their arrival. Any alterations which they might make in the civil and judicial administration of the country, must be for the better: for what had hitherto prevailed, was superlatively bad. The people experienced at once a triple servitude. They were at once the slaves of the king, of the nobles, and of the priests. Tyranny and superstition had combined the worst ills, under which social man can groan. The French, during their possession of the country, had rather diminished, than aggravated this accumulated sum of long-continued suffering. But when the French were expelled by the British army, what was done to rouse the national sympathies, or to excite the general joy? The old regime was restored. Hence that dissatisfaction, that bitterness, and inquietude, which have since prevailed in the country, which are likely to prevent any vigorous and united efforts, to prevent a second irruption of the French.

The British troops, who marched from Portugal into Spain, did not arrive at Salamanca till the 10th of November, but instead of pushing forward to Madrid, where, united with the Spanish troops, and the armed population, they might have probably arrested the progress of the French, they remain about a month in the same place, apparently hesitating whether to advance or to retreat. They afterwards form a junction with sir David Baird, which might have been effected long before. The united armies then make a movement to attack an inferior French force at Saldanha, but they are informed of the approach of Bonaparte from Madrid, and prudence dictates a retreat. It is not certain whether the unaccountable delay of sir John Moore at Salamanca, was owing to orders from London, or was the result of his own discretion; but it appears to have had an unfortunate influence on the progress of the war. The French made themselves masters of Madrid with little resistance; the hopes which the inhabitants had entertained of British succour were frustrated, the chiefs of the patriotic host were dispirited, and the people, though animated with enthusiasm, and in a temper to endure

every extremity, rather than to yield, found themselves left without leaders, and obliged to submit to the conqueror. But if the British troops had marched instantly to the relief of the capital, Madrid, though weakly fortified, yet defended by the hearts as well as the hands of the inhabitants, inflamed with double zeal, by the presence of an English army, would certainly have held out to the last extremity; and though it might have been finally captured, yet it would have probably cost the tyrant half his army to subdue. The example of desperate resistance made by the capital would have inflamed the courage of the more remote towns, which would have aspired to rival her courage and enthusiasm.

It is evident, that Bonaparte, from an expression which is found in one of his dispatches from Madrid, in which he orders a *Te Deum* to be celebrated, among other reasons for his good fortune in having obtained quiet possession of the capital, expected a more vigorous resistance than he experienced. Had the united British and Spanish armies been vanquished by the French, their retreat would still have been open into Andalusia, where the spirit of patriotism is more ardent and more general than in the other provinces. The reasons why sir John Moore did not lead his army to the capital, and why he remained so long inactive at Salamanca, we have never heard satisfactorily explained. His subsequent movement towards Saldanha, to attack Soult, after his junction with Sir D. Baird, has had the effect of making a diversion in favour of the provinces of Spain. This seems to have been all the advantage which the patriots have hitherto derived from the presence of the British troops.

The central Junta from whom we expected much, have hitherto done little to excite the hopes of the people or to inspire an interest in the great struggle in which they are engaged. They seem to have acted with much more wariness than wisdom, and the independence of Spain may perhaps, at last be sacrificed to their anti-revolutionary fears. They appear from the beginning to have felt a trembling apprehension, lest the present ferment in Spain should be sublimed into the tempestuous crisis of a French revolution. They did not consider that the different characters of the two people, that their different manners, sentiments, and indeed the general circumstances of the country, removed all serious reason for such alarm. Bonaparte had no sooner gotten possession of Madrid, than he abolished the inquisition, destroyed the power of seignorial oppression, and reduced those seminaries of idleness and vice, the convents, to one third. These reforms must tend, in a great measure to conciliate the good will of the Spanish people, to diminish the sum of individual oppression, and augment that of the general industry and hap-

piness ; but why should the central Junta have suffered their most inveterate foe to anticipate them in acts of the greatest favour, and of universal good ?

We have been told, and for a long time we were led to believe, that the indignation against Buonaparte, that the abhorrence of king Joseph, and the affection for king Ferdinand, were enthusiastic and general throughout Spain. But have not facts militated forcibly against the supposition ? For, if the reign of Joseph were an object of popular and universal detestation, would the Spaniards have made such feeble efforts, as they seem hitherto to have done, to prevent what they abominate, and to accomplish what they desire, to drive Joseph into France, and to bring Ferdinand back into Spain. Would they have brought so few troops into the field, that they have been inferior, even in point of numbers to the French in almost every encounter ? Would a nation possessing a population of eleven millions, have suffered forty thousand enemies to occupy a large tract of their country, for more than four months, without any serious molestation ? Would a nation which talks of preferring death to subjugation, have left its armies on which the whole contest was to depend, to languish in want of almost every necessary ? A patriot may be neither a shoemaker nor a taylor. But patriotism though it be only an ideal abstraction, will wherever it is generally diffused, never suffer the defenders of the cause to want clothing and shoes. The army of Blake, in its most perilous exigencies was left almost destitute of common necessities. The brave Marquis Romana who succeeded to the command of the scattered reliques of this army, has experienced every possible difficulty and privation. Does not this look as if the Spanish people were not so hearty in the cause, as they have been imagined ? does it not seem as if they were rather cold and indifferent spectators of the struggle than warm and empassioned actors in the eventful scene. Does it not look as if they thought it a mere contest about individual power rather than general good, and why should they care, whether the name of the sovereign be Joseph or Ferdinand, provided they are not assured that the sum of their freedom and their happiness, will be greater under one than under the other.

The central Junta, might have made the patriotic cause more popular, by popular acts ; But what did they do, or what have they done to generate national enthusiasm, or to kindle the people's love ? Their sittings seem hitherto, as far as popular rights are concerned, to have been a mere blank. The abuses of the old government remained as they were ; no onerous privileges were abolished, no oppressive powers done away. They might and probably did, and do meditate much good ;

but in such circumstances, the good that might be done, should not be risked by perilous procrastination. Instead of having their ears stunned with the vain echo of a name, the people should have been made to know, and to feel some distinct and individual good, some cheering personality of interest and enjoyment, which were worthy of being defended at every hazard, and for the possession of which every man would have been ready to lay down his life. The contest would then have been not only general but personal; every individual would have felt the quarrel as his own; the abstract idea of patriotism would have been converted into the vivid feeling of self-interest. The whole nation, as if animated with one will, and one heart, would have risen in arms. The ranks of the army would not have exhibited those interstices which have been left by indifference, by pusillanimity, or selfishness. There would have been a redundancy of gratuitous soldiers. The pike would have supplied the place of more costly arms, and Bonaparte and his numerous marshalls would have found it impossible to stem the overwhelming tide.

But instead of generating enthusiasm where it was wanting, and increasing the flame where it was already kindled, no judicious means were taken to excite nor to augment the holy fire. The name of Ferdinand was employed, but there was no magic in the sound. The people knew as little of Ferdinand as of Joseph, and probably cared as little for either. The mere name of Ferdinand had in it nothing to interest either the pride, or the patriotism, or the avarice, either the more generous, or the more sordid feelings of the people. It was a word and nothing more. It was not associated with any of those indefinite but fascinating views of good, which, even though delusive, operate like a charm, and sublime and aggrandize all the faculties of man. It was not like the watchword of '*Liberty and Equality*,' which did so much for France in the most perilous moment of her revolutionary fate.

The great object of the Central Junta, from the time of their meeting, seems to have been to keep the people quiet; and they did not consider that this quietude of the people would be the triumph of France, and the subjugation of Spain. They seemed less afraid of the enemy without, than of turbulent movements within; they endeavoured to apply narcotics to the popular mind, when they should have employed all the means of rousing and energizing it, which were in their power. They did not consider that if the colossal hostility of Bonaparte could be beaten down, it must be by a revolutionary storm. It was necessary for the safety of Spain to excite every passion that inhabits the frame of man, against the over-

bearing foe. The energies of resistance could not be too great ; could hardly be great enough against the enormity of the force, which threatened their subjugation. The measures of calmer times would be worse than inefficient. They were not adequate to the crisis, and they would only paralyze the noble daring which might arise, the bolder efforts which might be made. Bonaparte is not a man to be overcome by an adversary with a withered arm ; but the right arm of Spain was withered, by the long continued pressure of tyranny and superstition. The Junta did not make any immediate and serious demonstration to the people that this double force of oppression should be removed ; and that all the causes which impaired the health and strength of the body politic should be done away. They seemed willing to rule the country in the name of *Ferdinand* ; they assumed the royal power into their own hands ; they left to the nobles their feudal exemptions, and to the priests the inheritance of the inquisition. What has been the effect of this policy is well known ; it enabled forty thousand French to defy the whole population of Spain, and it opened to Bonaparte the way to Madrid.

Will the Junta at last see their error ? Will they at once plainly and specifically declare what are the civil, the military, the ecclesiastical, the judicial, the financial reforms which they will introduce into the constitution of Spain, and by which they will infuse new life and strength into the withered and haggard form of the state ? Will they leave it to Bonaparte to instruct them in the art of policy, and to teach the people of Spain that they have a country to defend ?

It is vain to conjecture what will be the issue of the present contest in Spain. We once ardently wished that the patriots might triumph ; and we fondly hoped that they would ; but though our wishes are as ardent as ever, our hopes are more faint and languid than before. Present appearances seem to favour the idea that the victory will remain with Bonaparte. The country has never been sufficiently raised against him ; and as the people have not been made clearly to see and forcibly to feel some distinct personal interest in opposing him, it is possible that his art may be successful in making them believe that he is more their friend and their benefactor than the Junta, or than Ferdinand.

In the present crisis of the world, it is a truth too plain to be controverted, that none of the ancient governments can stand against the new dynasty of France, *without having the people on their side*. By estranging themselves from the people, and the people from them, they must ultimately fall by their own weakness ; and who will lament their fall ? The object of every political institution, is not merely the benefit of a few, but the happiness of all who live under it. When the interests of a few individuals, or of a few families, are

more consulted than the general interest, or are even supported in opposition to it, there is always a latent, though there may not be a visible, schism in the body politic, which is the precursor of its dissolution. The true principle of political cohesion, is the interest of the government identified with that of all the different parts of the state. One sensitive, one animating spirit then pervades the whole; and that unity of volition, which is so conspicuous in the individual body, is then every where present in the body politic.

Since the above was sent to the press, news has arrived, which almost puts an end to our previous doubts respecting the subjugation of Spain. The corps of Soult seems, according to the acknowledgment of Bonaparte, to have been placed at Saldanha, on purpose to attract the British into the plain. If this were a manœuvre of Bonaparte, it must be confessed that it was, in a great measure, successful. But sir J. Moore had not made many marches to attack Soult, when he learned that Bonaparte was rapidly advancing against him with an overwhelming force. The retreat of the British army seems to have been precipitate, and indeed it could hardly have been otherwise, when we consider how closely they were pursued by the French, and with what celerity the French are accustomed to march. The British succeeded in reaching Corunna before the arrival of the enemy. But owing to the delay in the arrival of the transports, the French were not too late to throw some obstacles in the way of the embarkation. A battle ensued, in which the British were assailed by superior numbers. But the steady courage of our troops prevailed over the impetuous bravery of the French; who after a vigorous contest of several hours, retired with precipitation, and did not make their appearance again, till nearly the whole of the British army had embarked. The loss of sir John Moore is not among the smallest personal regrets which this action will occasion. We rejoice, however, that the action took place; because it afforded a striking proof of the superiority of the British troops to the boasted veterans of the enemy. The victory which the British obtained on this occasion, and the superiority which they displayed in all their former smaller encounters with the French, serve to convince us, that if sir J. Moore, instead of remaining for six weeks inactive at Salamanca, had marched to Madrid while the central Junta had a respectable force stationed in the vicinity, while there was a considerable armed population, and while the inhabitants of the capital in general, were inflamed with indignation against the French, and determined to defend themselves to the last extremity, it is probable that Bonaparte would have found in Madrid another St. John d'Acre. It does not appear that any thing like a revolutionary enthusiasm wa

kindled in the provinces, but there was no small portion of it in the capital, and in the large towns; and if this had been supported by the presence of a British army, it is impossible to calculate the power of resistance to the French which it might have produced. We know what a signal reverse sir Sidney Smith, with only a handful of men, occasioned to the arms of Bonaparte, at Acre; and who can say what a check his ambition might not have received from the presence of sir John Moore, with a numerous, well appointed, and well disciplined British army, at Madrid? Considering the heroic spirit, and the great military talents of sir John Moore, it is impossible to account for his total inaction during so long a period at Salamanca, without ascribing it to the hesitating and timid policy of the ministers at home. The ministers waited to succour the Spaniards till the armies of Blake and Castanos were annihilated or reduced to a mere remnant, incapable either of receiving succour, or of affording it. When the regular troops of Spain have almost entirely vanished before the sword of Napoleon, our army begins to take an active part in the campaign. But this activity, as far as it respects any measure of *offensive hostility*, was of very transient duration; and it is soon converted into an endeavour not to attack the enemy, but to elude his vengeance, and to seek safety in flight. We are glad, however, to hear for the honour of the British soldiers, whose ancestors were not afraid to face superior numbers at Cressy and Poitiers, that they murmured with patriotic indignation, when they received orders to retreat, and could with difficulty be brought to turn their backs upon the enemy. Had the British troops ventured to attack the French, before they commenced their retreat, even though against the most fearful odds, every friend to his country would have rejoiced, whatever might have been the result. Whether victorious or vanquished, the honor would have been theirs, and the disgrace that of the enemy. The French would not have been able, with any show of plausibility, to represent the British troops as indifferent or treacherous to the cause which they were sent to support, and to prejudice the people of Spain against the English name. Yet this is the ground of calumny which we have afforded to Bonaparte, and of which he has made ample, and we fear, most pernicious use in his bulletins. It is true that the British have, in some measure, rescued themselves, in the eyes of Spain, from the disgrace of flying before the French, by the victory which they obtained over the enemy, near the walls of Corunna; but this victory only increases the regret that the British did not try their strength with their adversaries in an *earlier period of the campaign*. If the ministry thought the army which they had sent into Spain unequal to contend with

the French, they ought to have confined their exertions to a desultory warfare on the coast; but when they did send an army into the interior, and made great professions of assisting the patriotic cause, they ought, in order to secure the confidence of our new allies, to have endeavoured to serve their cause *at every risk*, and to engage the French, even under every disadvantage. But the present ministry have either lost, or else abused the most glorious opportunity that was ever offered, of checking the ambitious career of France; and by rescuing Spain, of finally saving Europe from the grasp of the rapacious Corsican.

The opportunity, favourable as it was, and fraught with every probability of a fortunate issue, as it once seemed, is gone by, never to return! Owing to the abandonment, and misconduct of their allies, the treachery or ignorance, and impolicy of their generals and chiefs, the last spark of patriotic hope in Spanish bosoms will be extinguished, and Bonaparte will, ere long, become the undisputed and absolute master of the whole peninsula of Portugal and of Spain. Can any thing more favourable be expected in the present circumstances?

One interesting consideration remains;—Will the Spanish South American possessions follow the example of submission to the dynasty of the Bonapartes, which is likely to be set by the mother-country? The question is difficult to resolve. The governments of the Havannah, of Mexico and Peru, have hitherto shewn themselves favourable to the patriotic spirit which had begun to glow in Spain, and consequently adverse to the usurpation of Napoleon. Had not the imbecility or the wickedness of certain persons excited a contempt and abhorrence of the British at Buenos Ayres, and indeed throughout South America, this country might, at this moment, exert herself with great probable success, in severing the connection between Spain and her South American dependencies, if Spain should become subject to the tyrannical sway of France.

Perhaps Bonaparte may be content to let Ferdinand VII. reign in Mexico or Peru; for, when he declared in his address to the corregidor of Madrid, that the Bourbons could no longer reign in *Europe*, the expression seemed to intimate that they might be permitted to sit on thrones in some other quarter of the globe. Have our ministers the address to negotiate such a peace with Napoleon, as leaving him in possession of Spain, which he will keep without our *consent*, may induce him to liberate Ferdinand, to reign over the ancient empire of the Incas, in Peru? Might not another branch of the house of Bourbon be settled in Mexico? Or will the republicans of the United States, be displeased with the presence of the old kings

of Europe upon their hemisphere? We fear that there is not sufficient wisdom nor energy in the present English cabinet, to negociate with Napoleon, with dignity and success. They have yet exhibited nothing like a parity of sagacity or of promptitude, either in council, or in war.

No man however sanguine, can now well expect that the present contest will end in any thing less than the subjugation of Spain. But if Spain be subjugated what end is to be answered by the further prosecution of the war? The question of peace must again come before us; and well will it be for ministers, if they can negotiate on the basis of the *uti possidetis*. We are far from blaming them for not listening to the late pacific overtures of Bonaparte from Erfurth. Their honour, and that of the country, which is a more important consideration, was concerned in not abandoning the Spanish patriots to their fate. But the cause of Spain has become desperate, and nothing but devastation and misery are likely to ensue from the continuance of the present struggle. Hard as their lot is, the Spaniards must make up their minds to submit to the conqueror. The only chance which the Central Junta had of opposing him with success, was by rendering the revolutionary ferment more general in the provinces, and by holding out objects of honour and emolument to excite the affection of the people to a new order of things, on the one hand, and to rouse all the force of their resentment, against the tyrant on the other. But Spain, as a great political writer has well remarked, '*has been lost from the dread of liberty.*' The Central Junta lost sight of the only means which they possessed of defeating the ambition of France, and of securing the independence of Spain. The chance, which they had in their hands, is lost. Their imbecility, their ignorance, or their selfishness, has been fatal to their country.

If England continue the war, she must now do it on more unequal terms than before. She must keep up a larger fleet, and neither the largeness nor the vigilance of her fleet may prevent her from having to contend with the enemy on English or on Irish ground. A contest which from the beginning assumed the appearance of an internecine war, seems daily to acquire more of that fatal character. It becomes like a quarrel of the most implacable personal rancour, which must last till one of the combatants is destroyed.

As philanthropists and Christians, we heartily wish that a more pacific spirit could be infused into the councils of both nations. Peace is the interest of both, and what other interest can nations have but in the relations of peace? But the object of the two governments has been to make the people believe that their interest consists in sacrificing themselves to gratify the selfishness, the ambition, the jealousy,

and resentment of their rulers. All the unsocial antipathies, which the worst passions can generate, have been studiously produced as the elements of unceasing ravage and perpetual war. Those persons who have inculcated the necessity of peace have been persecuted by the clamours of bigotry and corruption as the enemies to their country and the foes to their species. The exhortation to peace has been construed into the watch-word of sedition, by those who fatten on the destruction of their species, and whose interests are in direct opposition to that of their fellow-creatures. But though *perpetual war* may be the hope and the delight of these men, yet it is an impossibility. Peace must sooner or later arrive, and is it not better that it should be brought about before our ruin is consummated by war? We must make peace when we can no longer lift up our arms to fight; but of such a peace the terms would be only what the pride or the clemency of the conqueror might dictate. Is it not more wise to make peace while we have much strength left, while our resources are great, and our independence is entire? We are not yet sunk in the lowest gulph of national degradation; we yet stand high even in the opinion of the enemy. Let us then rise still higher in his estimation and our own, by cherishing a spirit of peace and by manifesting a *sincere* desire to terminate the calamities of war.

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